

The Sketch

No. 734.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1907.

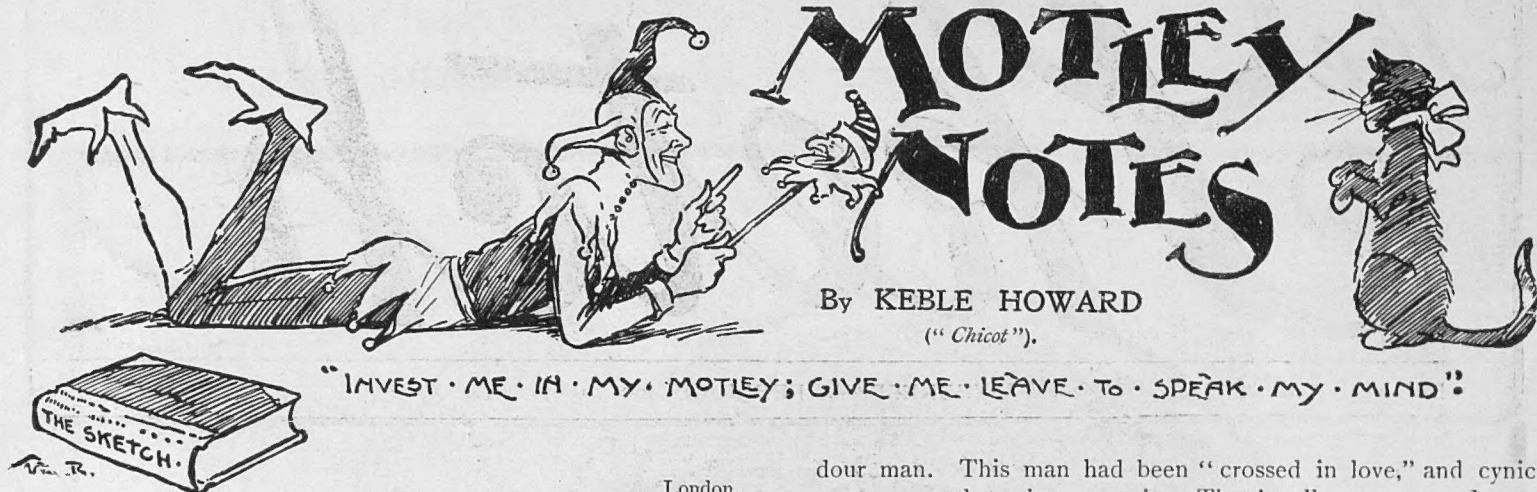
SIXPENCE.



A NECKLACE THAT WRIGGLES: A NEW FASHION IN LIVING JEWELLERY?

MISS POPPY HAMMOND, OF THE GAIETY, AND HER PET SNAKE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



Poor Little Suffragettes.

I am sorry for the Suffragettes. They want their votes very badly. They are convinced that they ought to have them (and I daresay, if the truth were known, they ought), but they haven't the least idea how to get them. Their method of fighting is pathetic in its utter lack of science. When a light-weight finds himself matched against a heavy-weight, does he rush in with his head down and ask for a knock-out blow? Of course not; yet this is just what the Suffragettes are doing, and some people are silly enough to encourage them. The light-weight takes full advantage of his nimbleness. He prances about and prances about until the heavy-weight is a bit puffed, and then he suddenly runs in and gives him a nasty slap. If the Suffragettes would use their brains instead of their fists, I believe they would eventually win. The fisticuff policy has put back the cause of Women's Suffrage at least one hundred years, because it has alienated the majority of women, and proved to the world that those who clamour loudest for the extension of the franchise are the very people who would be unlikely to keep their heads and judge fairly at election-times. I don't say that men always keep their heads and judge fairly. That is not the point. Men happen to *have* votes, and if you are unarmed, it is not much good telling the man with the gun that he doesn't know how to use it.

How They May Win.

The average woman is cleverer than the average man. Anybody will admit that. But cleverness is not everything—luckily for some of us. Many men leave Oxford with glorious degrees and find themselves unable to earn a penny. I have a tremendous respect for the man with a glorious degree, but I have even more respect for the man who can earn a penny. This sounds sordid, but that is because we were taught in our youth to hold money in light esteem. Let us return, however, to our Suffragettes. They have numbers on their side, they have brains, they have persistence, and they have pluck. Further, they are not hampered—as men are—with a superabundance of sentiment. If they would refrain from all this stupid mud-gathering and mud-throwing; if they would proceed warily; if, by influencing their men-folk, they would show that a Parliamentary candidate had not a ghost of a chance of being elected unless he understood and sympathised with the grievances of the women in his constituency, they would eventually get their votes. As it is, one asks oneself what would happen if the extension of the franchise to women resulted in female members of Parliament. Would they conduct a debate decorously? Or would they pull each other round the House by the hair? To judge by the Suffragettes, there would not, within a week, be left one stone of the House of Commons upon another.

More About Marriage.

An article that I contributed to a daily contemporary on the subject of marriage has brought me several letters from *Sketch* readers. One correspondent, in the course of an otherwise charming letter, accuses me of assumed cynicism because I said that the best age for a man to marry was thirty-five. But this was not cynicism, dear lady, real or assumed. It was a warning against the hideous fate that lies in store for those who marry their first loves. The surest cure for love, as we all know, is marriage. Therefore, being a sentimentalist, I say, love your first love all your life, but don't marry him. If you marry him you will become a cynic, because you will not (I presume) be in love with anybody at all. In the old-fashioned novels it was customary to have at least one silent,

dour man. This man had been "crossed in love," and cynicism was supposed to have set in. That's all nonsense. I repeat: Worship your first love from afar and you will write beautiful poetry. Marry your first love and you will write—I. O. U.s.

An Invitation.

If, however, you would prefer a midway course, dear lady, pray write to *me*. There is, I know, an idea among those who are patient enough to read the outpourings of the professional writer that that writer cannot be bothered to "wade through" letters from strangers. Almost every communication I receive from a stranger contains some apology, such as "I'm afraid you will think me an awful nuisance," or "Please pardon the liberty I take in writing to you," or something of that sort. As a matter of fact, I, for one, am only too delighted to receive letters from my patrons. I can generally get an idea for a "Note" out of them, and that is no small thing, let me tell you. In the course of a single year I have to find for this page upwards of three hundred subjects. One week I may have more topics than I need; another week and the newspapers fail to provide me with a paragraph. But you, on the other hand, must be full of suggestions. . . . Stay! Here, at any rate, is an idea. I will give a prize—any novel, either of my own or anybody else's, that the winner selects—to the reader who sends me, on or before the last day of this month, the best list of topics suitable for discussion in "Motley Notes." I have only to add that I adore neatness, and that my decision will be final.

Subjects Barred.

In order to save you time, trouble, and disappointment, I may state that the following subjects are disqualified, some because they have already been discussed, others because they are unsuitable—

- (1) The weather.
- (2) The "Silly Season."
- (3) Smoking for ladies.
- (4) Anything concerning theatres.
- (5) Transmigration of souls.
- (6) The "breakfast face."
- (7) The perfection of our telephone system.
- (8) Matinée hats.
- (9) The Book War.
- (10) Dr. Reich, Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Shaw.
- (11) Judicial humour.
- (12) The curse of the motor-omnibus.
- (13) The Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace.
- (14) Scandal, cruelty of.
- (15) Sentiment, fear of.
- (16) Speech-making, vice of.
- (17) Influenza.
- (18) Riding in hansoms, danger of.
- (19) Politics—more especially the income tax and the Fiscal Question.

Can't think of any more. Don't address your replies to the Editor. He gets more letters than he actually needs already.

How to Set to Work.

By the way, don't ransack the newspapers for your subjects. I can do that for myself. Just listen to people who are talking (unless they happen to be talking in whispers), and make a note of any argument that arises at the dinner-table. If the argument splits up two or three life-long friendships, you may put that subject down in red ink and underline it. If murder is committed, don't wait for the post. Wire.

MISS EDNA MAY AND HER MILLIONAIRE FIANCE.



MISS EDNA MAY AND MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN, SON OF AN AMERICAN COPPER KING,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Edna May, the famous and beautiful musical-comedy actress, who was first seen in this country in "The Belle of New York" and is now starring as Nelly Neil, is engaged to Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, son of the American copper king. The marriage may take place in June, but this is not yet settled. Miss May first met Mr. Lewisohn in America some two years ago. She has made it known that the betrothal is "purely and simply a love-match, and a great big love-match at that."

Photographs by Bassano.

HUNTLEY THE GAG-MAKER RETURNS TO DALY'S.



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS ST. AMOUR IN "THE LADY DANDIES."

St. Amour, it will be remembered, was to have been played originally by Mr. George Graves, but that comedian was taken ill on the eve of the production, and Mr. W. H. Berry stepped into his place. Mr. Huntley Wright succeeded to the part when "The Merveilleuses" was rechristened "The Lady Dandies" the other day.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"EDUCATION DE PRINCE," AT THE ROYALTY.



Mlle. JEANNE GRANIER AS THE QUEEN OF SILISTRIA.

It may be said that, on the whole, Maurice Donnay's comedy, "Education de Prince," has been the success of the present French season at the New Royalty.

To this success Mlle. Granier contributed in great measure.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

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THE UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

WHY NOT DEADEN THE NOISES OF NIGHT?

PEOPLE may laugh, and poets may cry, but I love a barrel-organ.

A barrel-organ has just that note of exuberant vulgarity which makes life, and London, bearable.

It is semi-Oriental in its mathematical hammer of noise. It is played, often, by a romantic-looking, and, I am sure, feeling, Italian. It is the symbol of the joke of the moment, of the taste for sentimentality in vogue. I love it; but it is of the day.

Now, night in most parts of London is made hideous by unnecessary noise—a cheerless, endless clang, a ceaseless whirl and strain. It is not monotonous—monotony would not be so bad; but it is broken into dislocated sounds which wear and tear the nerves.

I would not, mind you, have London made a city of the dead by night; but I should like to put some deadening influence on cab-whistles, motor-horns, hooters, train-whistles, and the like demons of darkness.

One goes to bed, and for a moment the procession of the day flashes through the brain; there comes then a sinking feeling of rest: the head settles comfortably on the pillow.

Then the demons of the night begin.

Evidently the charming people opposite are giving a late party, for a cab-whistle is blown with great enjoyment.

Two or three cabs—the mind follows the unrhythmic beat of the hoofs and tries to count them—two or three cabs dash into the street, jingling and jangling. A door is opened and slammed; the cab-doors are shut with a different note. The cabs drive away, and one listens to the dying sounds with painful interest.

Before the clatter of the last cab has faded away in the distance, the public-house, without which no true London street is complete, delivers forth a bevy of argumentative people in the noisiest state of a maudlin quarrel. A woman's high tones and resourceful language, a man's surly and loud answers, a friend's voice, raised in a different and expostulatory pitch, hurl themselves, voice after voice, down the sleepy street. Hardly is this finished before, so it would seem, the mail-carts of England enter into a handicap, and drive, banging, shaking, rumbling past the windows.

Now one is in the state for any form of noise; sleep becomes impossible; the mind, acting vividly because of the reaction, listens for every break in the interval of silence.

Four young men, having attended a music-hall, turn down the far end of the road. With an evident desire to acquaint themselves with the exact humour of the latest refrain, they try—one can hear each voice distinctly—to recollect, amid roars of laughter, the air and words of their favourite song.

Then two people come down from the main street and continue

a discussion of serious interest under the window. They persist in talking in low tones, so that one cannot hear what they say. I do not know if curiosity is more awake in the night than by day, but, somehow, the baffling murmur of sounds is maddening. As one cannot sleep, it seems one is not even allowed ordinary companionship with one's fellow-mortals.

How often everyone must have heard that earnest conversation in the street by night. Sometimes one party to it lives a few doors away, and the pair hover on the door-step, deep in the pros and cons of weighty argument. At last one hears the key in the latch, the groan of the door, the last puzzling words, "Well, if it must be, it must be, old chap."

A few moments more of talk carried on in very low tones.

"If it ends that way—well, you know—!" Evidently a shrug of the shoulders.

"Good night."—"So long."—The door slams.

One's mind is wrapt in the mystery of the thing, one's brain is warped, everything is tangled. Suddenly one is aware that the street is quiet.

A weight loads and lowers the weary eyelids, the body stirs comfortably. This is sleep.

Is it a troop of tin elephants, or a train of artillery, or—the mind becomes slowly alert. No; it is merely an engine dragging four or five carts of vegetables. The abomination wheezes, creaks, puffs,

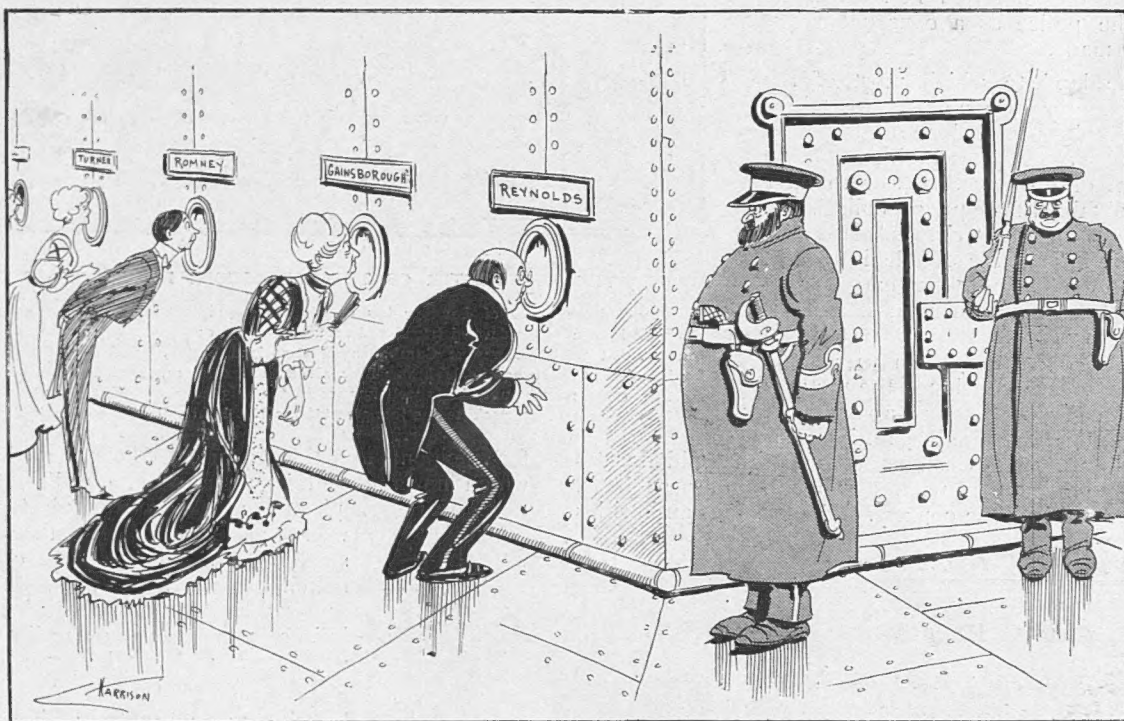
drags, pulls, sticks. O ghost of Stephenson, or whoever is responsible for the invention of traction-engines, rise up and scare your horrid, fire-breathing monster from my street! Why should I, poor unit, suffer from this coughing, puffing brute which chooses so maliciously to break down when I wish to sleep? That these noisy affairs should be allowed to parade the London streets by night seems not only unjust to the weary, but evil in every way. I say no more; the engine passes on to rack other ears, and for a second or so the night is still.

How long the torture of silence charged with expectancy lasts I do not know. Every distant sound—a footfall, horse-hoofs beating, a policeman's tread—is magnified in the tired brain.

Suddenly some merciful Providence takes a sponge and wipes out the night, the hideous night, from the brain. Just as sleep comes, a motor-car, driven hard, tears along with a thrumming, regular beat; far from being a fresh annoyance, the regular, musical hum of the car eases our mind—we sleep.

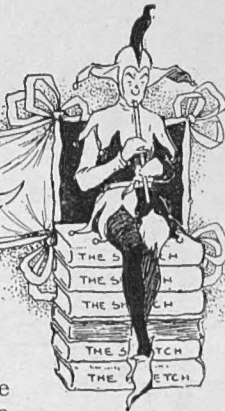
It is curious how, on waking, something picks at the scattered threads of intelligence and gradually pieces together the idea of a fresh day begun.

That noise, that cheerful rattle and clang. Ah! it is only six o'clock, and the milk-cans are being banged and jarred together by milkmen, one of whom has lost two bars of a popular song and is trying to whistle the air without them.



WILL IT COME TO THIS? THE ARMoured, THIEF-PROOF PICTURE GALLERY OF THE FUTURE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



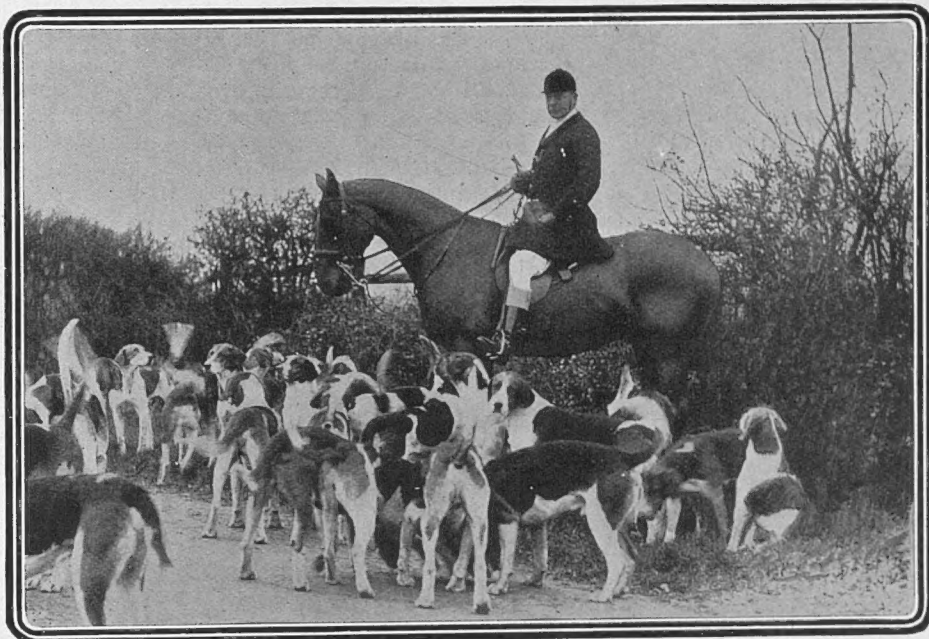
THE CLUBMAN

AN IMAGINARY CRIMINAL AND HIS EQUALLY IMAGINARY SECRET GALLERY OF STOLEN PICTURES—PAT SHEEDY'S PICTURE GALLERY—
A DEALER'S TRICK—A TENDERLOIN CLUB—THE LEG THROUGH THE CEILING—FLATS ON BOARD SHIP.

SUPPOSE—it is, of course, a mere supposition—that there were a very cultured man of criminal instincts who coveted the beautiful things of art which other men possessed and longed to have a gallery of masterpieces which it was out of his power to buy; might he not enter into league with the great free-fellowship of the burglars to secure for him splendid pictures which the thieves could never put on the market, but for which he would pay as many hundreds as they were worth tens of thousands, and which he would put into a secret gallery to be enjoyed by no one but himself? There are stolen masterpieces which have absolutely disappeared which would be sufficiently numerous to stock a picture gallery and be worth a million or two of money. The nearest approach in real life to my imaginary cultured criminal's gallery was Pat Sheedy's, the "honest crook's," exhibition last year in America of pictures with histories. All these pictures by Old Masters were supposed to have been mysteriously obtained, but Sheedy guaranteed that the buyers would in no way be incommoded by the police as a consequence of any purchases they made.

America is the land to which most of the genuine pictures which have been stolen are taken, and there is a tremendous trade done in imitation "Old Masters" which are supposed either to have been smuggled out of Italy or Spain or to have been mysteriously obtained from private collections. Some of the dodges of the "crooks" amongst picture-importers are ingenious. A tale is told of a man in Paris who had some sham early Italian Old Masters which were much in need of a pedigree. He caused these "Old Masters" to be painted over by a dauber, who covered them with some poor modern subjects. He consigned the pictures to his agent in New York, valued at a very small price. At the same time he caused secret information to be given to the New York Customs authorities that Old Masters to the value of some million dollars, painted over with modern subjects, were going to be passed into the country. The Customs authorities

I have entered, and I have been in some strange ones. The Tenderloin district is the Alsatia of New York, and right in the centre of it there used to be a club established by the journalists who were always on the watch



THE NEW MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS: LORD LONSDALE.

The head of the house of Lowther has in his day played many rôles, and to the man in the street he is above all known as the devoted friend and apologist, when occasion calls, of the German Emperor. In his own country, that wild, picturesque Cumberland-Westmorland border, he is famed as a mighty hunter before the Lord, and as a most hospitable host. Like all keen sportsmen, Lord Lonsdale is familiar with every noted sporting centre; accordingly he is well known in the neighbourhood of the Cottesmore Hunt, of which world-famous pack he has just accepted the Mastership.—[Photograph by the Sports Company.]

for incidents in this quarter of lost souls. It was a club which never closed its doors. The walls of one of the rooms were of rough plaster, and into this plaster, while it was still wet, the members had thrust every imaginable small article. There were coins embedded, and match-boxes, rings, pins, bits of wine-glasses, buttons, knives and forks, revolver-cartridges, pen-knives, pencils, pens, sardine-tins, card-cases, a corkscrew, and a thousand other useless trifles. Through the ceiling in another room a lady's leg descended. The plaster and lath had been broken away, and the effect as one came into the room was that someone of the gentler sex had really broken through floor and ceiling. The members of this club were the most happy-go-lucky assemblage I have ever seen; night was their day, and if ever any of them got any sleep it was at mid-day. I was made an honorary member of this extraordinary establishment, but I did not take advantage of the privilege. I fancy the life of this club was not a long one, but how and why it died I do not think I ever heard.

The Atlantic Transport Company is building flats on board some of its big steamers. I expect that these very private nests of cabins will be much like the owner's quarters on board a big yacht. When a rich man gives an order for a new yacht the designer generally provides that he and his wife shall have their cabins separated from those of their guests, that they shall have a bath-room and a writing-room of their own, and that a little cabin for a maid shall be near the lady's cabin. The greatest luxury of all on board ship always seems to me to have a private bath-room. The most unhappy moments I have spent on board the big liners have been of a cold morning when the ship is pitching uncomfortably, when one feels that the early biscuit and cup of tea have not done one any good, and one joins a group of men in dressing-gowns, each carrying a sponge and a towel, to wait till the people who are splashing inside the cheerless cells may choose to come out.



VACCINATING THE ROMANS: AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN AN AMERICAN THEATRE.

Smallpox broke out in the neighbourhood of an American theatre recently, and it was decided to vaccinate the actors and actresses without delay. They were accordingly inoculated immediately before they went on the stage.

seized the pictures, the agent paid a fine and the full dues demanded by the Customs, and thus obtained a priceless advertisement and a Government certificate that these imitation Old Masters were genuine.

A phrase used by Mr. Jerome in the Thaw trial, "gossip of the Tenderloin," recalls to my memory the strangest club house

THE DOGS' DERBY :

FAMOUS OWNERS OF POSSIBLE WATERLOO CUP WINNERS.



1. SIR ROBERT JARDINE,
Owner of Long Span.

2. THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON,
Who is Running a Dog.

3. THE DUKE OF LEEDS,
Owner of Lonely Musing, Laureate, and Lottery.

4. MR. L. PILKINGTON,
Who is Relying Upon a Recent Purchase.

5. MR. G. F. FAWCETT,
Owner of Fight for Freedom, Flag of the Free,
and Free Forager.

6. MR. H. HARDY,
Owner of Hoprend, Last Year's Winner.

7. MR. H. BROCKLEBANK,
Owner of Second Season, Bunkeydoodle, and Birk Howe.

8. THE EARL OF SEFTON,
Owner of San Francisco.

The Waterloo Cup is being run at Altcar to-day (Wednesday), to-morrow, and Friday. On this page we give portraits of the recognised leaders in the coursing world. The Waterloo Cup winners of the last five years have been Mr. G. F. Fawcett's Farndon Ferry (1902), Mr. J. H. Bibby's Father Flint (1903), Mr. G. Darlinson's Homfray (1904), Mr. W. H. Pawson's Pistol II. (1905), and Mr. H. Hardy's Hoprend (1906).

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE CASSILIS ENGAGEMENT"—"EDUCATION DE PRINCE"—"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"—
"THREE BLIND MICE."

CRITICS had a curious day when Mr. St. John Hankin's piece and the play of M. Maurice Donnay were given, with a short interval for refreshment. The works are worlds apart. The English comedy is quiet, subtle, fine in humour: the French, noisy, blatant, coarse; and the former is nicely observed: the latter, rather nastily recorded, if it be at all accurate. The one, however, has the honour of distinguished patronage, which has not been accorded to the other, nor, I guess, is likely to be. "The Cassilis Engagement" is not the best drama of its author. There are moments, chiefly in the last act, that suggest that he had some difficulty in bringing it to a conclusion. Never mind that; without being excited, or stirred to deep emotion or prodigious laughter, you will find "The Cassilis Engagement" consistently amusing, and it teaches quite a useful lesson. What are we to do with our son if he wants to marry someone from a lower social grade? According to Mr. Hankin and Mrs. Cassilis, if we try by direct means, by opposition, to prevent a wedding he will probably get married on the sly, and hate us—as well as his wife—ever after. There is another course. Pretend to be delighted by the engagement, ask the girl and her abominable mother to our country house—I wish I owned one—profess to admire her and wish for the union, bore her cruelly by exhibiting the dullness of county life at its worst. If this be done cleverly, the betrothed will break off the engagement, and the son's love and admiration for his parent will be increased. This theory is expounded wittily by the author, and he makes his characters seem real people. What more can anyone want—anyone except those who pray for strong stimulant in the theatre, and demand violent action and syrupy sentiment?

A capital performance was given. Miss Evelyn Weeden, a newcomer I may say, is a valuable recruit. Skill, intelligence, and charm are a sufficient equipment for any actress, and she has them all. So the mother's part was rendered delightfully. Miss Maudi Darrell was the right person for the part of Ethel, the ineligible, and acted quite cleverly, though a little embarrassed by some difficult scenes during the last act. Miss Clare Greet was very funny as her disreputable mother, a part somewhat over-painted. Miss K. M. Romsey contributed a skilful little sketch of the Rector's wife, Miss Florence Haydon and Miss Burnett acted ably as two relatives of the young man. Mr. Sam Sothern enlivened the whole of the third act by a very clever picture of a man-about-town.

Probably we shall not see "Education de Prince" any more, certainly it will not be adapted. The piece is clever enough—

droll, too, in a certain way—and has some excellent acting parts, of which full advantage was taken; yet we hardly need the picture of the regal mother arranging with a middle-aged libertine for the introduction of a youthful Prince to a life of vice in order that he may obtain a knowledge of the world, and her indiscreet curiosity as to the details of his progress is rather trying. The Queen herself, when amorous, is a study in passion not justified by its utility. There are not queens enough about to render the subject serviceable. However, Mlle. Jeanne Granier is a clever, charming actress, whom many delight to honour, and the part of the Queen suited her admirably. The company, which included Mlles. Heller and Marville and MM. Louis Gauthier and Defreyn, was quite remarkably strong.

"You Never Can Tell" has been revived again at the Court. It is revived so often that one cannot pretend to write about it on each new innings; it is enough to say that nearly every member of the company in the lively comedy has already been seen and admired, and is as good as one could wish. The newcomer is Miss Grace Lane as Gloria, which she played very prettily—without, perhaps, hitting exactly the style of the theatre or the play.

The main difference between "Three Blind Mice" and the two light comedies already dealt with is that the Hankin comedy and the Shaw play suggest that they were created for the pleasure of the author, whilst Mr. Law's farce seems written exclu-

sively for the amusement of the public. One can imagine Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hankin chuckling as they wrote, and sometimes wondering whether an audience would see the point of a joke, but the older dramatist must have gone to work in a more serious way, and he runs no risks of super-subtlety; indeed, his blind mice could see the point of all his jokes. From certain aspects the Law method is the sounder. There may be as much laughter over "You Never Can Tell" as over "Three Blind Mice," but it is of a different kind, and in the case of the simple farce about the young lady with three "provisional" engagements on at a time, and, nevertheless, a heart truly devoted to her godfather, we all know quite well why we laughed, and can tell our neighbours with ease what caused our laughter; humour of this kind is much the safer. Miss May Palfrey acted charmingly and brought out all the fun of her part, and Mr. Fred Kerr is just the actor for the character of her lover. Mr. O. B. Clarence was cleverly amusing as one "blind mouse" suitor, Miss Granville gave useful aid, and Miss Dorothy Edwards acted agreeably.



THE GERMAN ROMEO AND JULIET: FRÄULEIN CAMILLA EIBENSCHÜTZ AND HERR ALEXANDER MOISSI IN SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT LOVE TRAGEDY AT THE DEUTSCHEN THEATER, BERLIN.

Photographs by Held.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN A FRENCH PLAY.



THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR-MANAGER AS HOGSON IN "L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE."

PLAYED AT THE RECENT SPECIAL MATINÉE AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

Mr. Maude made his first appearance in a French play on the occasion of last week's special matinée at the New Royalty, playing Hogson, an Englishman, in Tristan Bernard's "L'Anglais tel qu'on le Parle." The cast also included Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Mlle. Jeanne Bergé, and MM. Darcey, Paulet, Volnys, Charlys, Mahieu, and Sern. M. Bernard, it may be noted, is the author of "Toddlers," in the English version of which Mr. Maude is meeting with so much success at the Playhouse.

Photograph taken at a special sitting exclusively for "The Sketch," by Bassano.

SMALL
TALK

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO MISS SUSAN GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Beresford.

committed; only daylight robbery in another form. The Jew had gone down to a sale at an old country house of which nobody else in London seemed to have heard. No one at the sale save the Jew knew a Gainsborough from an almanack, and the Jew got his prize for six guineas! After the dealer had judiciously condemned the work he bought it for £150. He sold it for three thousand guineas.

*An Interesting
Engagement.*

The engagement of Miss Susan Grosvenor, daughter of the late Hon. Norman de L'Aigle Grosvenor, and niece of Lord Ebury, to Mr. John Buchan, has aroused great interest in both political and literary circles. Mr. Buchan, who is only just over thirty, has already helped to make history, for he was the confidential and trusted private secretary to Lord Milner during the eventful South African War. His career at Oxford was exceptionally brilliant. A Scholar of Brasenose, the history of which college he wrote, he found time to produce clever novels even before he took his degree with a First in "Greats," carrying off also the Newdigate and the Stanhope. He was President of the Union, and, like so many distinguished men who have held that office, he has been called to the Bar.

*The United States
Favour a Negro.*

For perhaps the first time in its existence, the United States Government has favoured a negro, by selecting for the architect for the negro building which is to be a feature of the forthcoming Jamestown Exposition a man of colour. Mr. W. Sidney Pittman, who is thus honoured, is to superintend the work in person. He was born in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1875, and both his parents were ex-slaves. His father was a butcher, and his mother worked as a laundress to support herself and three children, of whom the architect was the youngest. Mr. Pittman, after attending the public schools in his native town and elsewhere, entered the Tuskegee Institute as a work student. After graduating he was admitted to the Drexel Institute, in Philadelphia, by means of financial assistance advanced by the Tuskegee Institute, through the well-known Mr. Booker T. Washington. He was the

first negro student who ever entered the Architecture School, in which, after six months, he was given a free scholarship as a reward for having satisfactorily impressed the immediate instructors in charge of the school. During his collegiate course he worked every summer at one of the summer resorts, and at other times at various places in Philadelphia, in order to earn sufficient means for defraying his expenses, which he did all the time he was there. His professional skill was attested by the fact that he was invited to go back to Tuskegee, where he had studied, and was given charge of the Department of Architectural Drawing and all the planning and superintending of the buildings; while during the five years he was there over fifty thousand pounds' worth of buildings was completed for the school after his plans. Now he has set up for himself as an architect in Washington, where he is employed and recommended by several of the white contractors of the city, in addition to receiving a large quantity of work from coloured men.

MISS SUSAN GROSVENOR, WHO IS
ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN BUCHAN.

Photograph by Beresford.

*A Royal and Ideal
Mother-in-Law.*

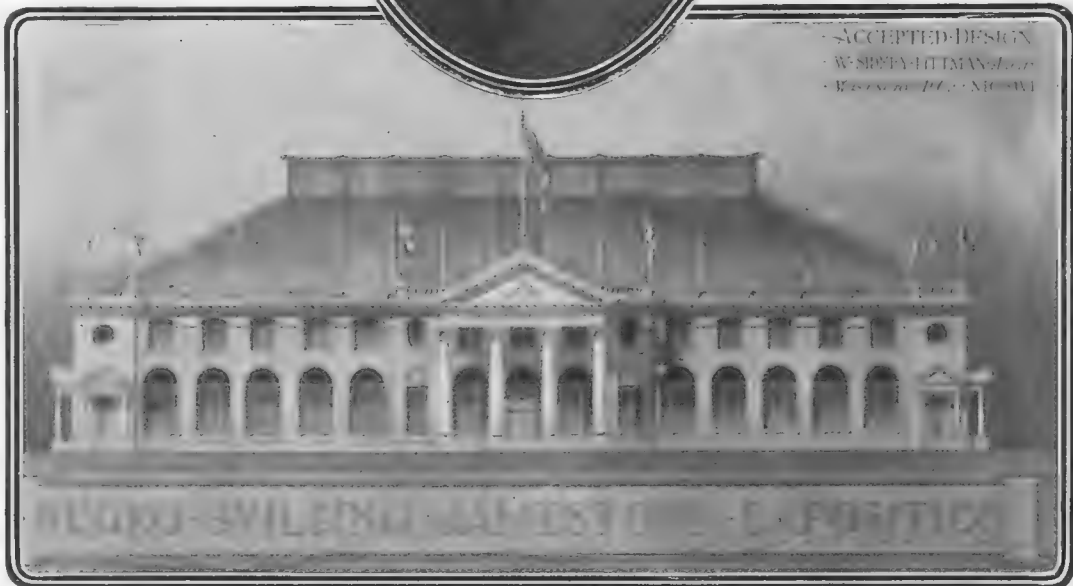
The British nation follows with most sympathetic interest the first real visit paid by Princess Henry of Battenberg to her Queen-daughter and the King of Spain. Her Royal Highness is evidently an ideal mother-in-law, and is cherished accordingly by Don Alfonso. His Majesty has even incurred a little criticism by having had one of the noble rooms in the Prado Palace fitted up as an Anglican chapel. The Princess-Mother, as Princess Henry is called in Spain, will remain at Madrid

for at least two months, and she is accompanied by her two devoted friends and servants, Miss Minnie Cochrane, and the latter's brother, Mr. Victor Cochrane, who has only just become a member of her Household. While King Edward is at Biarritz next month King Alfonso himself intends to be at San Sebastian close by, where he will entertain his British Majesty at luncheon, as he did last year.

A Waiters' Strike.

A year or two ago some of the

waiters abroad struck because they were not allowed to wear moustaches, but the strike of the waiters which has just taken place at Buda-Pesth has a different object in view. It seems that two customers recently spoke with considerable freedom to a waiter in that city, and the Waiters' Union, taking the matter up, forbade its members to wait on these two men, in whatever café they might happen to be. The measure was most successful, for the objectionable customers have not been able since then to get anything to eat or drink in any of the cafés of Buda-Pesth, and in consequence they have had to surrender and apologise.



A NEGRO ARCHITECT'S PLANS ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT: MR. W. SIDNEY
PITTMAN AND HIS DESIGN FOR THE NEGRO BUILDING AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

Mr. Pittman, who is himself in charge of the work, is the son of ex-slaves, and was born in 1875. He has now set up in Washington as an architect. His design was chosen from numerous others.—[Photographs by Freeman.]

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

V.—THE KANGAROO IN SOCIETY AND IN THE SHOP.



1. "HOW D'YE DO?"
(The fashionable handshake.)

2. "AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU TO-DAY, MADAM?"
(The shopkeeper's rubbing of the hands.)

Photographs by F. Martin-Duncan, F.R.P.S.



THE NEW NAVAL A.D.C. TO THE KING: CAPTAIN T. P. WALKER, R.N.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

Colony, and yet his knowledge of South African affairs has always been exceptionally close, and even surprising to those who regard themselves as experts on both the commercial and political aspects of the coming Federation.

The King's A.D.C.s.

The appointment of Captain T. P. Walker as an A.D.C. to the King is a high honour for a gallant officer. He joins a distinguished company. The King's A.D.C.s now number upwards of four score, but that number is spread over the Army, the Indian Army, the Navy, the Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers. For the Navy the personal Aides are the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Battenberg. Sir John Fisher is first and principal and a very mighty Aide. Afterwards come half-a-score of distinguished Captains, of whom the world will hear more whenever the war-flags fly. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur, and Prince Christian are the personal Aides for the Army; while for the Regular Aides, of whom Captain Walker now forms one, there are fourteen. An A.D.C. in this branch of the Service may hold any rank, though at one time the practice was to restrict the position to Captains. Now, however, seven Brigadier-Generals are honoured by inclusion in the list. The Militia supplies nineteen, the Yeomanry eleven, and the Volunteers

fourteen, while for the Marines a couple suffice. Should the King ever lead an army into the field the Aides-de-Camp would act as his gallopers, and have an important part to play. As matters now stand, their duties are social and of a secretarial order. The appointment is a high tribute to a man's intellectual powers and social qualities, for there are few posts more coveted.

The "Crew" of the Cachalot.

The Duke of the Abruzzi has only one real rival among the Princes of Europe as a man who is able to lay aside the

to announce the disbandment of a European army—the army of Monaco. It was he, again, who set on foot the re-trial and acquittal of Dreyfus, by repeating to President Loubet the German Emperor's assurance that Dreyfus had not communicated secrets to the Fatherland. To the man in the scientific world, however, the Prince is best known for his discoveries in marine biology. Here he really has done great work. Over a score of noble volumes record the results of his deep-sea dredgings. His most notable discovery came about in a curious manner. While cruising among the Azores he caught a cachalot, or sperm-whale. This mighty beast in its death agonies ejected from its stomach enormous fragments of its prey, consisting of the great cephalopoda which it had captured. These were creatures such as scientist had never before seen. They live in the deep abyss of ocean, and, owing to their structure, are unable to come near the surface. Here, then, was a clue to a form of fauna in the seas of which previously there had existed no positive evidence. That clue the Prince has followed up with notable results.

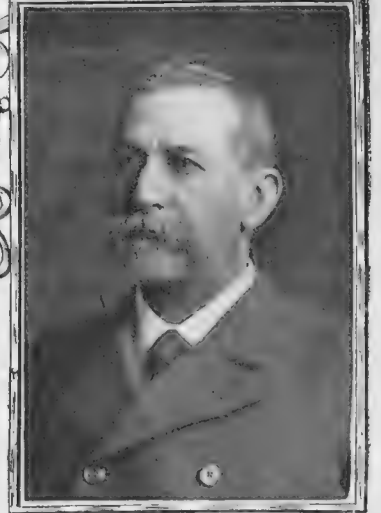
Eloppements by Motor.

There has departed a lady named Bob Walter, who was a sort of official furnisher for Parisian elopements. When there was any eloping to be done Bob Walter was there with a 40-h.p. Panhard, which she placed at the disposal of the abductor. Bob Walter's fire-carriages quite took the place of the old post-chaise, in which the Edwin and Angelina of our grandfathers' days used to make their escape to Gretna Green.

There is no Gretna Green in France, but Brussels is a convenient centre from which to bring hard-hearted parents to reason. Madame Walter used to charge heavily for the abducting business, but she did it well. There was never a breakdown at the critical moment. Now there is a chance for somebody who likes shékels and romance. Yes, there is still romance in a motor-car, even though attar of roses has been changed into petrol.

Paris has the "Flue."

Paris is in the grip of influenza. Everyone is down, the Prime Minister amongst other people. It is extraordinary what an influence it has on public life. You cannot get your *Sketch* delivered from the Post Office because the *facteur* is *grippé*. There is something rather touching in the devotion of the State to its postmen. You would suppose it would not be difficult to replace the letter-carrier if he fell out from sickness; but no, the Administration thinks otherwise. If it were the leading tenor or the prize lady high-kicker, there could not be a greater difficulty, apparently, in finding a substitute, so the central parts of Paris have to go without their foreign papers whilst the influenza microbe works its wicked will. The only people who are not down-hearted in the Gay City at this moment are the Apaches. They never were livelier, nor was the stabbing business ever brisker.



PRINCE, SCIENTIST, AND LECTURER: THE PRINCE OF MONACO.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE QUEEN OF GREECE IN HER "SMOKING-JACKET."

Queen Olga recently wore the costume illustrated at a fancy-dress ball. In describing this, certain reporters with Socialistic tendencies wrote of the dress as the Queen's "smoking-jacket." As a result, her Majesty has not worn it since—in public at all events.



A PICTURE BY A POSTMAN PURCHASED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES: "ON THE WINDY SIDE," BY MR. S. H. HANCOCK.

It will be remembered that some while ago we gave a page of illustrations of pictures by Post-Office officials. One of these painters, Mr. S. H. Hancock, has just held a one-man show at the Doré Gallery. This was visited by the Princess of Wales, who purchased the picture here reproduced.

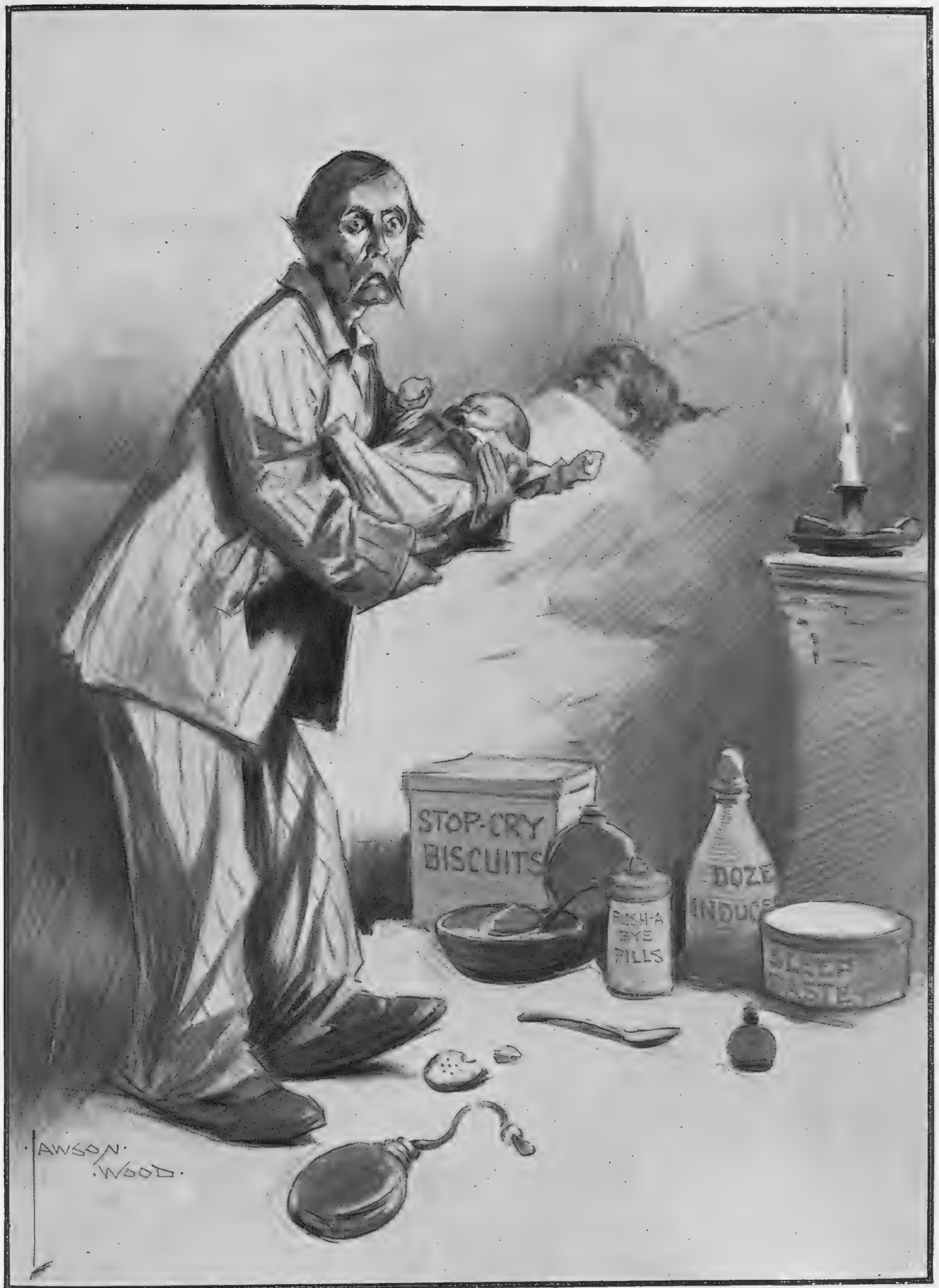
Photograph by Park.

cares of royalty and "go in" for things scientific. That man is Albert, Prince of Monaco. Most people were surprised the other week when he lectured before a learned body in Edinburgh on the meteorological exploration of the high atmospheric phenomena, for he is commonly regarded as confining his attention to the deep sea. But he has done one or two other notable things. He was the first

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ANOTHER SUFFRAGETTE MARCH.



TODDLES-BROWN: Catch me marrying another Suffragette.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. FREDERICK KERR'S engagement to appear with Miss May Palfrey at the Criterion in "Three Blind Mice" has reversed the old order of things. When the actor was in management at the Vaudeville, and produced "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," he engaged Miss Palfrey for the leading juvenile lady's part. It is curious that people appear to have forgotten that Miss Palfrey has appeared in plays other than "The New Boy." The last long run she was in was "The Night of the Party," in which she acted nearly six hundred times—first at the Avenue for eight months, then in the big provincial cities, in the United States—where it was played for four months in New York alone—and in Canada.

This curious lapse of the public memory is by no means unknown in the world of the theatre, though it seems hardly credible in the case of so well-known and deservedly popular an actress as Miss Palfrey, for the London public is usually credited with great steadfastness to its favourites. In this respect it is different from the theatrical public of New York and the United States generally. A leading manager told the present writer on one occasion that he had known actors make so great a reputation that the theatre was besieged for every performance; yet after a while they died completely out of the public mind, and later on appeared without attracting the least notice from the crowd which had formerly crowned them with glory. In certain cases, added the manager, he had known a man make a reputation three times, and yet die in poverty and obscurity.

While the music-hall war has been dominating the attention of the amusement-loving public, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, with a touch of the delicate humour he possesses but does not have an opportunity of exhibiting in public on the stage, has been heard to refer

it in his stead. He consented, and everything went well until they came to the Forum Scene, in which, as the dead Cæsar, enveloped in the mantle through which "the well-beloved Brutus" and the other conspirators stabbed, he was borne on the stage for the funeral orations to be delivered over him. The scene was nearly over, the excited populace had lighted their torches, when



A STAGE DUTCH GIRL: HAPPY FANNY FIELDS AS GRETCHEN IN "ALADDIN," AT THE COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

Photograph by the Rotary Photo Company.

one man, not quite sober, turned his torch over, and the methylated spirit, well alight, fell on Mr. L'Estrange's face, just missing his eyes by the traditional hair's-breadth. Had he moved, the scene would have been ruined, and he had to lie in great pain with his face scorched, while the man, lurching a second time, allowed more of the burning spirit to fall—this time on his dress and set it on fire. Luckily, one of the actors saw the accident, and quickly extinguished the flame which the audience, in its excitement, had not noticed. For a fortnight Mr. L'Estrange's place in the company did not know him, for he had to spend the time in his room, if not in bed, to enable the wound to heal.

With Mr. Bouchier's production of "Macbeth" in view, many playgoers, with the love of comparison strongly developed in them, have been looking forward to seeing the tragedy produced by Mr. Tree. This desire will, however, have to wait for gratification, for Mr. Tree has definitely come to the decision to turn his attention in other directions for the present, and "Macbeth" will have to wait at least until the autumn. Meanwhile, Mr. Tree's hands are necessarily full with the arrangements for his Berlin visit, to be followed by his Shakespeare festival.

Mr. George Barrett, who has made so conspicuous a success in "Miss Hook of Holland," had an amusing experience the other day. Crossing Leicester Square, he overheard the following greeting and conversation between two sandwich-men. "Hullo, Bill," said one, "where you bin? I ain't see'd you all day." "Oh," replied the other airily, "I've bin at the top o' the road with Isabel Jay and George Barrett all day." He had been carrying boards announcing the appearance of Miss Isabel Jay and Mr. George Barrett. By the way, as many playgoers are aware, Mr. George Barrett is a son of the late George Barrett and nephew of the late Wilson Barrett. The father of those two well-known members of the profession, the grandfather of one who bids fair to achieve as great a popularity as his own father, is still alive, a hale old gentleman of eighty-nine.



A STAGE DUTCH BOY: MISS CARRIE MOORE IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE ROYAL THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield.

in private to his appearance in "Antony and Cleopatra" as "the star turn," for he is on the stage only between half-past nine and ten.

In the forthcoming Shakespearean revivals at His Majesty's there is one part which, were he asked, Mr. L'Estrange would probably beg to be excused from playing by reason of a painful association with it. That is Julius Cæsar. When Mr. Tree sent his first repertoire company into the provinces Mr. L'Estrange was a member of it. The actor who usually played Cæsar was suddenly taken ill, and Mr. L'Estrange was asked to act

Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



III.—THE SMILE OF AGONY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"BILLY" RUSSELL will be badly missed at the private views of picture-galleries, where he and his walking-stick have been immemorial familiars. There was something attractive in his hobble—the hobble that followed on an accident in the field, when his horse nearly "scomfished" him, as Molly, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Wives and Daughters" would have said, or "squabashed" him, to use a favourite phrase of Disraeli's, combining all the disagreeables of a squash and a bash. There is a legend of a living poet on whom somebody called only to find that the poet was absent, and that he must be received by the poet's friend. "I am sorry," said the friend solemnly, "that Mr.— is out, but that"—pointing to a corner of the room—"is his walking-stick." The visitor did not repeat his call. But, in Billy Russell's case, the stick was the man. Indeed, he himself made the identification. "You see," he would say to people who spoke of his brilliant feats as a war-correspondent, "you see what a *stick* I am become."

When Billy Russell was made a Knight of the Pen, his fine-sounding names, Sir William Howard Russell, came more into evidence, and did not very easily fit him. In appearance he was more like a General than Generals usually are—whether it be Wolseley or Roberts. A fighter he certainly was. In his exposure of Crimean scandals in the columns of the *Times* he braved frowns, and set an example since followed with excellent effects. To the end of his journalistic life, in the Service paper with which he was connected, he played the part of candid friend to military officials whom he knew in private life, and whom he dared in his country's interest to offend. With the opinions of one fine soldier, generally regarded as something of a rebel, he found himself in wonderfully close agreement to the last.

Publishers have had little to say about Fair Trade with foreigners—they have been concerned with questions of fairness at home. But the Protective laws of America, denying copyright to a book not printed in the United States, inflict penalties upon a public far wider than that of the British compositor. The clumsy and one-sided arrangement now delays till autumn the publication of the *Letters of Queen Victoria*, edited by Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson. Mr. Murray has it ready for the English reader, but must now store his sheets for another six months. Short of a tariff of retaliation, which would inflict harm on nobody but the American book-producer, Mr. Bryce, himself a man of letters, with

a big circulation for his books on the other side of the Atlantic, may be able to devise some plan by which the English printer, the English publisher, or the English author ceases to be fined and otherwise incommoded in order to convenience and enrich his American fellow.

Now that Lord Crewe has become a serious senator, and will never ask us any more whether we are to cut the man as well as

the lady in the lane that is shady, we may look to Lord Alfred Douglas for light verse with a lilt in it and that little touch of satire that gives to it, if not Attic salt, at any rate the salt of the club dining-room. Readers of "The Placid Pug and Other Rhymes" will enjoy the moralising that recalls Dr. Watts's appeal to the busy bee, or the dogs that bark and bite, and "Let them!" cried the good Doctor, in a mood of fierceness we should call fie upon to-day. This is the modern verse and version—

Lives there a man so lost,
so low
That he has never found
Some lesson in the Buffalo,
Some precept in the Hound?
Few who have won Victoria's Cross
Owe *nothing* to the Albatross.

"Say not thou that the former times were better than these." Yet, in the matter of literary giants, the Wise Man's injunction may be a little hard to obey. Lord Northcliffe's new house in St. James's Place was occupied of old by Samuel Rogers, who welcomed there Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Macaulay, Byron, Moore, Sheridan, and Walter Scott. Lord Northcliffe may very well entertain as brilliantly as Rogers; but, somehow, we cannot make out an answering list of guests.

Mr. Hichens does a daring thing in his "Call of the Blood"; he makes his heroine ten years older than her husband at the time of their marriage. Dr. Johnson wedded a woman still more his senior than that; but his cynical description of a second marriage had no inspiration from his own heart; for he was so happy with Tetty that the mockery of Garrick and the sneers of Macaulay were far beside the mark. There were twenty years or so of difference, too, between the age of George Eliot and that of her bridegroom at St. George's, Hanover Square. Anne Thackeray is her husband's senior by some years, and, on this poor account, nearly said a "No" that would have deprived the modern history of marriage of one of its happiest illustrations.

M. E.



Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



IX.—THE MOTOR-CAR ROUTES.

The motorists in the illustration are consulting a road map, which we have greatly simplified for the convenience of our readers. They are pointing at two towns at opposite corners of the map, as they wish to drive from the one at the top left-hand corner to the one at the bottom right-hand corner. It will be seen that they have a good choice of routes. Supposing that they always drive either due south or east (that is, downwards or to the right, as you look at the map), how many different routes have they to select from? As the map is drawn, every route must be of exactly the same length; but we are not concerned with the character of the roads, nor with the position of the places where petrol, police-traps, or hospitals are to be found.—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SUDDEN GIFT.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



SHE stirred the fire quite unnecessarily, glanced at the clock, and assured herself that the shining kettle on the tea-tray was in-

dustriously boiling. Then her eye fell on a resplendently iced cake, and she smiled and sighed.

"Dear old Nanny," she was thinking; "she never forgets. But if my birthday cake had to be decorated with the right number of candles—" She glanced thoughtfully at her reflection in the glass, and presently snapped her fingers at it. "He doesn't know how old you are, but he'd better be told to-day. I wonder if he'll think you look it."

She caught sight suddenly of another reflection in the glass, and turned.

"You must be a burglar in your spare time, Roger," she protested indignantly. "I didn't hear a sound."

"Natural absorption," he suggested, "in your own—"

"Oh, I wasn't! I didn't!" she laughed. "It's my birthday, and I was thinking the long, long thoughts of—of age."

"Might one ask for an abstract?"

"Certainly not; it sounds like an examination paper. But oh, Roger"—she pointed to the cake—"do you know that no cake—that nothing short of a Christmas-tree could hold candles enough for my age?"

"Absurd! If your taste for candles is uncontrollable, we can have a larger wedding-cake."

She laughed and pretended to shiver. "Isn't the day dreadfully near? But about the candles. Really and truly, you wouldn't know how many there ought to be."

"Yes, I should."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody. But there should be just one."

"To indicate my second childhood?"

"To indicate that we've had one year together, and that all that went before doesn't count."

She dropped a lump of sugar thoughtfully into a cup. "But to think that, with luck, we might have met in—in our salad days!"

He shook his head. "Quality rather than quantity. What we feel now is better than any feeling incident to salad days."

She looked up with suddenly sparkling eyes. "How do you know?"

"I've tried both."

"Oh, shameless one! . . . So have I."

They laughed softly.

"Please tell me about the salad days," she urged.

"Ladies first, then."

"All right. I was twenty or so. We were engaged for about six months; then we discovered that we were boring each other to extinction."

"Have you finished? It's altogether too sketchy."

"Is it? But our characters were sketchy, you see. We were even ordinary enough to suppose that we were quite exceptional. What more would you have?"

"Details about the others."

"The others? But I never reached engagement heat again, so they really don't count."

"In that case I have nothing to relate. I was never engaged before."

"Well, then, you can explain why not," she insisted.

He smiled. "Honour bright, Elizabeth, I've never been much of a woman's man. At one time I wanted badly to fall in love by way of experience, but I was unlucky about it. After one or two attempts I came to the conclusion that women were mostly like vases—daintily painted on the outside, disappointingly plain and dark within."

Elizabeth stroked her cheek ruefully. "I'm afraid my paint's getting horribly faded," she sighed.

"Hypocrite! You know very well——"

"I can't imagine," she assured him.

"I told you yesterday."

"Well—paraphrase it."

"You're like—you're like the drop-scene in a theatre: good to look at in itself, but even better for what it conceals than for what it shows."

Her mood changed suddenly. "Dear," she whispered, "it frightens me to be so happy. Suppose what I am taking for the edge of the desert is only an oasis in the middle of it! Do you remember that thing you read to me the other day?"

I have learned to dread what cometh suddenly,
And sniff about a sweet thing like a hound;
And most I dread the sudden gift of gods.

He nodded. "Jolly fine; but doesn't apply to us. You can't call a year sudden."

She smiled. "Can't you? One year out of thirty——"

"Leave it at that," he interrupted. "In round numbers, thirty."

They left it at that, smiling.

"You haven't finished about the salad days," she reminded him.

"Oh, no! Where had I got to?"

"The painted vases."

"Yes. Well, really the only violent attachment I ever had was long before that. She was very soft and fluffy, with gold hair and blue eyes." He smiled reminiscently, and Elizabeth grew impatient.

"The sketchiness of *your* narrative is so exasperating," she told him, "that I'm going to guess. She was too well off, and so you never asked her to marry you."

He chuckled delightedly. "Wrong! She was a shop-girl."

Elizabeth was crestfallen. "I won't guess any more. What became of the fluffy one?"

He shook his head. "Probably married and very happy," he said lightly. "What are you making, Elizabeth?"

"Embroidering initials on handkerchiefs. But really I'm getting no comfort out of my trousseau. As you're a sort of cousin, I ought to have known you all my life; and as I haven't, I ought at least to be having the satisfaction of a new set of initials when I marry you, instead of marrying my own name."

"Elizabeth Purbrook," he mused. "It's quite a nice name."

"Yes, but think how much nicer it would have been if I had never been anything but Elizabeth Green or Brown before. I wish——"

There was a knock at the door.

"If you please, Miss, there's a—lady downstairs to see you."

"Who is it, Susan?"

"She wouldn't give a name, Miss."

"Oh, very well; I will come down."

The door closed. "Elizabeth," he said, as he rose to go, "I'm so tired of good-byes."

"There's only a month more of them," she reminded him, and stood a moment in smiling thought when he had gone.

[Continued overleaf.]

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



OLD GENTLEMAN: Is there anything to see on the other side?

FERRYMAN: No.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Is there an inn or anything?

FERRYMAN: No.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Then what do people go across for?

FERRYMAN: Tuppence.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Then she went quickly downstairs. A young woman in deep mourning rose as she entered, and for an instant neither spoke.

"Mr. Purbrook is not here?" the visitor asked at last, nervously.

Elizabeth looked puzzled. "There must be some mistake," she said. "The maid told me you had asked for me. I am Miss Purbrook."

"Oh, no. I asked for Mr. Purbrook."

"But Mr. Purbrook does not live here."

"No, I know. But I have come a long way to see him, and they told me at his rooms that I should find him here."

Elizabeth nodded. "I am so sorry. We did not understand. He has just left."

The girl made a little hopeless gesture, and Elizabeth looked at her more closely. She was quite young, and pretty in a rather ordinary way; but her eyes looked heavy, either from tears or want of sleep, and she was very pale.

"Won't you sit down?" Elizabeth said gently, "Miss—"

"Mary Meadows. No, thank you; I—I must try to find Mr. Purbrook. You are Miss Purbrook, you said, didn't you? I—he wouldn't like it. I mean, it's nothing—nothing at all."

Elizabeth pitied her evident distress.

"Indeed you are mistaken," she said. "Mr. Purbrook wouldn't mind, I know. You are in some trouble, I am sure. Let me help you, won't you?"

She glanced at the girl's black dress, and her eyes were very kind.

There was a moment's silence. "Thank you," said the girl hesitatingly. "My only brother has just died, and I am very lonely. He was so good to me."

Elizabeth's eyes rested for an instant on the photograph of a young man over the girl's head, and she nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I understand."

"Do you?" The girl looked at her wonderingly. "Well, I have been living with my brother for eighteen months, and now—I have nobody, and no money."

"You want work, then?" Elizabeth asked.

The girl hesitated. "I have no character," she said; "he—ought to help me."

"He? Who?"

"Mr. Purbrook."

Elizabeth stared at her in amazement. "Please explain," she said; "I don't understand at all."

The girl's head drooped and her voice was very low. "I met him two years ago. If I hadn't been so young I might have known—but I thought he meant to marry me. He said so, and I believed him. And then—he went away, and they turned me out—"

"Who?" asked Elizabeth breathlessly.

"The people at the shop. It was a tobacconist's. And Joe, my brother, took me in, and looked after me and—the baby."

Elizabeth bit her lip to keep back a cry.

"But she died, and now Joe's dead too. And though Joe would never hear his name or take a penny from him, now he is dead, I have no one, and I thought he could get me a place, perhaps, in London, where nobody knows me."

Elizabeth stopped her with a movement. "Wait a minute," she said; "I want to think."

There was silence. Elizabeth was battling for more than life. She would not believe without a struggle.

"The name," she said at last, "how is it spelt? And have you anything in his handwriting?"

The girl opened a shabby purse. "I never had a letter from him; but when Joe was ill," she explained, "and I hadn't any money to get him what the doctor ordered, I wrote to—him without Joe knowing, and he sent me money. It came in this."

Elizabeth took the crumpled piece of paper. "October 14th—£10. R. Purbrook," she read in Roger's writing, and struggled no more.

"I will help you," she said quietly, "if I can. You must be patient for a few days till I can get you work."

"Yes," agreed the girl, but her eyes fell involuntarily to the purse on her knees. Elizabeth glanced at it, too, and her voice trembled suddenly.

"You poor girl," she said: "where are you going to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know."

Elizabeth wrote a few words rapidly on a sheet of paper. "Here is an address," she said, "where they will give you a room and be kind to you." She slipped some gold into the girl's hand. "And to-morrow, when I have had time to think, I will come to see you. You will let me be your friend?"

The girl struggled to speak through her tears. "How—kind you—are. And I was so—frightened of you, because—you are his—"

Elizabeth stopped her hurriedly. "Why should I not be kind to you? You—it was not your fault. Remember to mention my name when you get to the house, won't you?"

The door closed, but Elizabeth did not move. The puzzle was piecing itself together so easily—so very easily—in her mind. "Soft and fluffy, with gold hair and blue eyes." Yes; it was a very fair description, when one had allowed something off the youthful brilliance of two years ago in consideration of what the girl had suffered. It was two years she said, wasn't it? And he? What had he said? "The only violent attachment . . . long

before that." Ah, cruel! How lightly he had spoken, and how easily he had deceived her. "A shop-girl." He had been confident indeed—contemptuously certain of her credulity—to dare to tell her even so much of the truth. Painfully she went over it all. Were there no means of explaining it? Her eyes fell on the piece of paper in his own handwriting that still lay on the table, and she was answered. She picked it up. What was it that she ought to do? Surely there was something. Later there would be things to collect—jewellery, books, letters—but that need not be done till to-morrow. She must write, though, unless—there was the piece of paper. Would not that be enough? He would understand it at chance had put it into her hand. She slipped it into an envelope; but there was another thought demanding admittance. She let it in at last. The girl—Mary Meadows—ought she not to do what she could? She picked up a pen.

ROGER [she wrote]—You will know that I cannot, and do not wish to say anything about it, to-day or ever. But if the year that is past means anything at all to you, will you not do now what you left undone two years ago?

ELIZABETH PURBROOK.

The next day Elizabeth waited till there had been time for a reply. None came, then or later.

It was Elizabeth's birthday again. She prolonged to its utmost limits her solitary tea, but at last she rose and fetched from a cupboard a box. There was no use in avoiding the dreary task; the boy's papers had to be gone through, and she had put it off too long already. But when her eyes actually rested on the boy's familiar scrawl it was hard to be brave. "Boy," she murmured, with her cheek pressed against his written name, "I miss you so, you dear, dear boy," and fell to thinking of those two dreary days a year ago—her birthday, which had robbed her of the man she loved, and the day after, when news had reached her of the boy's death. A frontier skirmish, the ride through the pass, the shot at a venture from a rock above—how often had Elizabeth seen it all, sleeping and awake?

She began with a kind of despairing haste to go through the papers. Dance and theatre programmes, receipted bills, invitations, her own letters, the boy's diary— She paused suddenly. A letter from Roger? Her fingers closed round it. Would the boy mind? There could be nothing private in it, and she had a sudden fierce hunger to touch the paper he had touched, read the words, however trivial, that he had written. She opened the letter.

Dear Ronald [she read]—I enclose a letter that I opened by mistake this morning. The writing was, of course, strange to me; but although our initials are the same, I did not think of the letter being for you. It is so long since you had these chambers, and many months since any letters have come here for you. Of the facts that this letter, short as it is, reveals, I will say nothing. The matter would be none of my business were it not that your concerns are also your sister's; and I want, if possible, to spare her pain. For this reason I have done what seemed to me advisable, and have sent the girl you wronged £10, signing myself "R. Purbrook," in the hope that she may not find out you have left England without her knowledge. If she learnt this I feared that she might apply to Elizabeth for help. I will do what I can for the girl till you write, which I must beg shall be immediately, as I may find it impossible to keep your absence a secret from her, in which case I need not point out how cruelly a knowledge of the facts would wound Elizabeth.—Yours truly,

ROGER PURBROOK.

The letter fluttered to the ground, and Elizabeth drew a quivering breath. It was the boy, and not Roger. Ronald—Roger. How blind—how blind! She sprang to her feet and picked up a pen. "Please come at once," she wrote, and rang the bell.

"To Mr. Purbrook immediately," she ordered. "There is no answer."

Then she sat down to wait, and thinking, sore at heart, of the boy, unconsciously reverted to the old familiar habit of making excuses for him. The boy had been only a boy, after all—barely twenty-two. How could he have supported a wife? He must have been filled with remorse: when was the boy ever selfish? He was only thoughtless, like all boys. And though he had left her in ignorance when he went abroad, had he not thought her well provided for by her brother?

With a hundred arguments she softened the blow that the boy had dealt her. And the man? Why had it been different in his case?

There was a sound behind her.

"Roger!" she whispered, and handed him the letter. He glanced at it.

"I am sorry," he said simply; "I did try to spare you this. I couldn't foresee that he would keep my letter—"

She could bear no more. "Roger! Roger! Don't you see? You—you took away the whips, but replaced them with scorpions."

He tried to explain. "I almost told you when I got your letter. I was just starting when I got the news about Ronald. Alive, I wouldn't have spared him when it had come to *that*; but dead—how could I hurt you so, Elizabeth? He was so dear a part of your life—"

She raised her head suddenly. "A part—yes, now I understand. A very dear part." She smiled.

"You will forgive him in time," he said, "because of that." She nodded.

"But me—you couldn't forgive me."

Their eyes met, and suddenly hers were filled with tears.

"Roger! You?" She held out her hands, "Ah, did no one ever teach you," she whispered, "that the whole is greater than the part?"

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

IT is curious that with the advent of the new Session there should be two accessions to the Upper House, each of particular interest. Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, who succeeds his father as Lord Allendale, will now, presumably, have to give up his office of Vice-Chamberlain to the Household, which is generally held by a member of the House of Commons. The new Peeress, as Lady Aline Beaumont, was a noteworthy political hostess, and is, so to speak, to the manner born, for she is the sister of Lord Londonderry, and has lived in the folds of the political purple all her life. The other new Peer is, of course, Lord Goschen, the clever, capable young banker who has seen something of both military and public life, for he was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts when the latter was Commander-in-Chief, and when the late Lord Goschen was at the Admiralty his own eldest son acted as his unpaid private secretary. Lady Goschen is one of the many clever daughters of that sound old statesman who became first Earl of Cranbrook.

Her New Excellency. Mrs. James Bryce, our new Ambassador at Washington, is likely to appeal to the more serious and thoughtful, rather than to the smart and frivolous American world. It has become the fashion to send to the States diplomatists who have some kind of family connection with the great Republic; and this connection is not even lacking in the case of the distinguished Englishman who has been chosen, not out of diplomacy, but out of the realms of learning and literature, to be Ambassador. Mrs. Bryce, through her mother, a Miss Gair, is partly American; and *née* Elizabeth Marian Ashton, is the daughter of a famous, popular Manchester Radical. She was brought up in the most cultivated and intelligent section of Cottonopolis, and as a girl she did a great deal of both philanthropic and political work in the famous town.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES; MRS. BRYCE. Mrs. Bryce was formerly Miss Elizabeth Marian Ashton, and is the daughter of a well-known Manchester Radical. She has done much philanthropic and political work.

Photograph by Haines.



AN ADDITION TO THE PEERS: THE NEW LORD ALLENDALE.

Photograph by Dickinson.



RELATED TO THE DESCENDANTS OF COLUMBUS: THE MARQUIS OF VILLALOBAR, K.C.V.O., COUNCILLOR TO THE SPANISH EMBASSY IN LONDON.

In the course of a recent speech the Marquis mentioned that he is related to the descendants of Columbus, and that his uncle, Don Cristobal Colon, is Admiral of the Indies, Duke of Veragua, and Marquis of Jamaica. He is the grandson of the Duke of Rivas, poet, politician, and General during the Peninsular War, one of Spain's most famous sons.

Photograph by Kirk and Sons.

But, curiously enough, Mrs. Bryce is in no sense a "Suffragette," for she has no desire to see her sex enjoying votes. Their Excellencies have been married nearly eighteen years, and there are few happier couples in or out of public life, for their tastes are much akin, and Mrs. Bryce is exceedingly proud of her distinguished husband.

M. Loubet Loses his Coat.

M. Loubet has, it appears, been accused by M. Fallières

of showing himself too much in public, especially at the time of the visit of the King and Queen to Paris. But during the last few days M. Loubet has been unable to go out, and his reason for stopping at home is neither an attack of influenza nor the diplomatic gout, but the loss of the splendid fur top-coat that he presented to himself the last time the Tsar and Tsaritsa were in Paris. This treasured fur coat was annexed by someone when the ex-President was taking part in a "punch" with the students at the Sorbonne, and so far all the efforts of the police have



AN ADDITION TO THE PEERESSES: THE NEW LADY ALLENDALE AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Speaight.

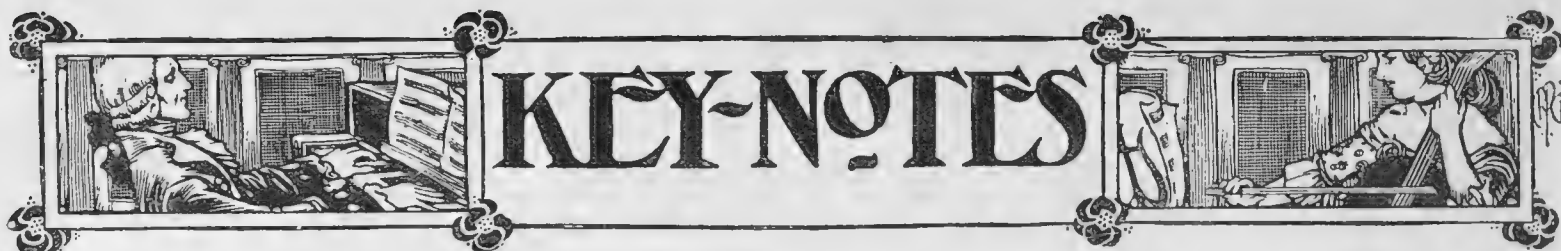
failed to discover its whereabouts. Ill-natured people say that it is the President himself who has had the coat seized, in order to keep M. Loubet indoors; but, as luck would have it, the weather turned warm almost immediately after the coat had disappeared, and so the ex-President has of late been able to go out with an ordinary top-coat.

The Battle of the Boulevards.

Mardi Gras has fallen upon evil days in Paris. Time was when Pierrot and Colombine trotted in the streets in the gayest of gay costumes, and when high society turned out in masks and dominos to riot with common revellers; but those days are long, long past. It is the ruffian from Montmartre and from the quarter of Belleville who holds the town in terror after nightfall with his brutalities. Confetti thrown prettily in your face with a delicately gloved hand is a vastly different kind of thing from half-a-pound of it pitched at you from a dirty bag, which knocks off your hat. The latter is the method of Messieurs les Apaches. Nevertheless, there are some eternally youthful spirits who find joy in the battle of the boulevards. The more confetti there is, the happier they are. The livelong day they are in quest of the golden girl who gives back the measure with a saucy smile. The boulevards, indeed, are ideal as the hunting-ground for the confetti tribe. All traffic is stopped, business places are closed, and the town gives itself up to sport—the young town, that is; the old town remains indoors and goes to bed.

A Two-Sided Newspaper.

The oddest newspaper in the world is one named the *Wochenblatt*, which is published in Grunningen, a small town of some twelve hundred inhabitants, in the Canton of Zurich, in Switzerland. It is the only newspaper in the place, and is at one and the same time the organ of the Liberal-Conservatives and the Social-Democrats. Pages one and two belong to the Liberals, and pages three and four to the Socialists, and the two parties abuse one another finely in its pages. It saves the good people of Grunningen the expense of buying two papers, for they can see the arguments of pages one and two treated with contempt in pages three and four.



THIS has been a busy and varied week for the German Opera Company at Covent Garden. "Die Walküre" was given at a matinée—a wise arrangement, allowing a feast of Wagner to many who cannot always enjoy it, by reason of the lateness of the hour at which the evening performances conclude. The

chief novelty in the production was Mr. Bispham in the part of Hunding; he has not been seen here in opera for some years, but his dignified acting and fine voice are as we always remember them, and he is very welcome. Miss Agnes Nicholls seems gradually to improve the dramatic side of her impersonations, and with her splendid and sympathetic voice very little practice is required to place her among the best of our operatic stars. The remainder of the cast is too familiar now to need further criticism. "The Flying Dutchman" was given in the evening of the same day, with Herr Feinhals as the Dutchman. He was very successful, as also was Frau

choir would have benefited by further rehearsal, being at times uncertain in attack and intonation, nor did they seem to realise the significance of the work. Dr. Walford Davies conducted, and the singers were Miss Marie Stuart and Mr. Dalton Baker. Herr Richard Buhlig was the soloist of the occasion.

Popular as M. de Pachmann has always been, he now seems (if one may use the expression) "quite the rage," for at his recent recital at the Bechstein Hall many were turned away disappointed, the hall being quite sold out. In consequence, he intends giving his next recital at the Queen's Hall, and as it will be the last before his tour in America, all M. de Pachmann's admirers will have a chance of hearing him. As usual, he commenced with a little monologue, and announced that he did not feel quite well. His subsequent playing, however, belied the statement, for seldom has he been in better form. He made his greatest impressions where nimbleness of fingers and delicacy of touch are required. He literally danced through Schubert's Impromptu in F minor, and some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" revealed fresh beauty, so wonderfully were they played. Perhaps M. de Pachmann's least happy effort was Bach's "Italian" Concerto; but one cannot expect such a magnificent exponent of Chopin to feel the dignity and depth of Bach.

It was not surprising to see an overflowing audience at the Queen's Hall the other evening, when Dr. Richter conducted the London Symphony Orchestra. Beethoven's Mass in D, with two hundred singers from the Leeds Philharmonic Society, was given, and the performance was a remarkable one. These Yorkshire singers have long been famous for volume of sound, and when that is added to precision of intonation and attack the effect in a noble work like the Mass in D can well be imagined. The soloists were Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Alice Lakin, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Robert Radford; and although they fulfilled their task with all their wonted ability, the chief interest of the evening was centred in the choir. The concert also included Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," and at the conclusion Dr. Richter received an ovation both from the audience and the Leeds Choir.

Our readers will learn with much satisfaction of the appointment of Mr. Neil Forsyth as general manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; his tact and courtesy are well known, and will be of inestimable value in his new post. Mr. Percy Pitt, so long associated with Mr. Henry Wood at Queen's Hall, has also been given the post of musical director at the Opera.—COMMON CHORD.



THE HEIR OF THE MACLAINE OF LOCHBUIE, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN MUSICAL COMEDY: MR. KENNETH MACLAINE, WHO IS TO PLAY IN "MY DARLING."

Mr. MacLaine, eldest son and heir of the MacLaine of Lochbuie, of Lochbuie Castle, Mull, is to play in "My Darling" at the Hicks Theatre. His adoption of the stage as a profession has caused much interest in Society. He is a godson of the Duke of Argyll, and holds a commission under the Marquess of Tullibardine in the Scottish Horse Imperial Yeomanry.

Photograph by Speaight.

Ackte, who not only looked the part of Senta, but sang it with much delicacy and charm.

Several repetitions, with some slight changes of cast, have also been given at Covent Garden during the past week, notably "Tristan und Isolde." Herr Franz Schalk conducted with distinction; the orchestra was beyond reproach, and the audience was large and enthusiastic.

The opening concert of the Philharmonic Society took place the other evening. Dr. Cowen being called elsewhere, his place was taken by M. Colonne, the famous French conductor. M. Colonne is no stranger at the Queen's Hall, and although the concert presented features of great interest, this conductor seems more at home with his own orchestra, his reading of the more strenuous works being somewhat tame. However, he made up for these shortcomings by the extreme delicacy of the slow movements of the various works which he undertook to interpret. We do not remember having heard Madame Carreño in more brilliant form; the Tchaikowsky Concerto went with an irresistible swing and with a thorough understanding of the Russian composer's music. She was equally good in an Impromptu of Schubert—a complete contrast in its delicate melancholy. She was eminently successful, and she deserved all the applause she received. Miss Amy Castles sang the "Air des Adieux" from Tchaikowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc" with good expression and fine quality of voice. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, and finished with Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini."

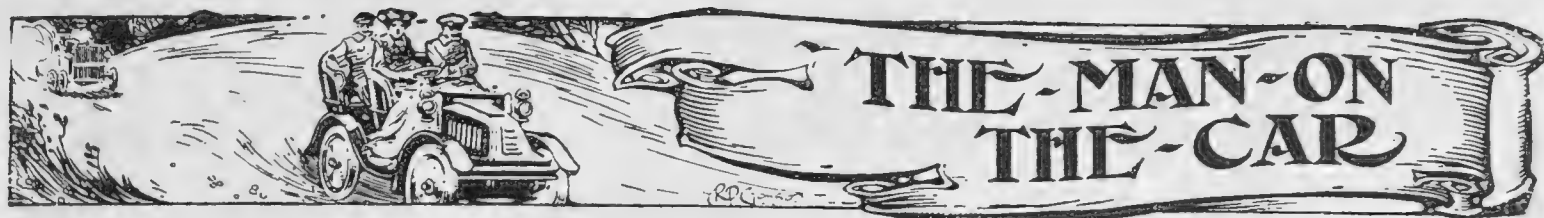
The first of the two concerts of the Bach Choir took place last week, and, in spite of its name, included works by others than the immortal Bach, among them being Beethoven's Choral Fantasia and Parry's Sinfonia Sacra, which was produced two years ago at the Gloucester Festival. The performance under discussion will certainly not enhance its reputation: the work is extremely difficult, and the



THE ENGAGEMENT OF A WELL-KNOWN SINGER: MISS GLEESON WHITE, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GEORGE MILLER, BANDMASTER OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, PORTSMOUTH.

Miss White is the only daughter of the late Mr. Gleeson White, art editor, critic, and designer. Mr. Miller is the son of Lieutenant George Miller, M.V.O., Bandmaster of the Royal Marines.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.



SIX VERSUS FOUR CYLINDERS: A FRUITLESS DISCUSSION—MOTOR TROOPS: TRANSPORT FOR HOME DEFENCE—HOME-GROWN PETROL: ITS POSSIBILITIES—OFF 'TWIN FINGER AND THUMB: THE DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIM—CARBURETTERS WANTED—A BRITISH CROWN OF GLORY.

I CANNOT think that the motor world is one whit "farrarder" on the six-cylinder versus four-cylinder question, for all the doughty debate on the matter at the Automobile Club on Thursday, the 7th inst. Mr. S. F. Edge was in the position of that celebrated Government who caught the Whigs bathing and ran away with their clothes, for of a surety, compared with that consummate tactician, the four-cylinder enthusiasts came naked to the fray. I do not know that they were very much to blame for this; they could not have dreamed of such preparedness on the part of the foe, though they should have borne the long-spoon-sipping counsel in mind when they pondered the forces they came to meet. Nevertheless, at least one of them met the charge bravely enough, and Charles Jarrott's sparkling, ironical speech was among the best efforts of the kind I have ever heard. Notwithstanding, the six versus four-cylinder question stands very much indeed where it did.

In a most interesting paper read recently before the United Service Institution at Whitehall, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, legally Lord Kingsburgh and socially Sir John Macdonald, put the case most eloquently and most completely for the motor transit of infantry in case of a threatened invasion of this country. Sir John, who is a Volunteer Brigadier and a particularly keen soldier, showed most conclusively that troops could be more conveniently moved and bestowed at any point of conflict by motor transit than by any other form of transport. The War Office are something of this opinion, for they have just issued a motor-vehicle registration scheme.

I cannot for the moment lay my hands upon the figures of the estimated yearly consumption of petrol in this country, but 10,000,000 gallons should be a fair slice out of it. Indeed, it would appear that, if the average coke-burner had his eyes open, he might offer something like this quantity of benzole, a spirit extracted from coal-gas, in its place. At least so opines Mr. W. A. Bower in a mass of information as to the possibilities of this spirit lately afforded the Fuel Committee of the Motor Union. Indeed, Mr. Bower says that if the beehive coke-ovens were replaced by recovery ovens throughout the country—and this is extremely likely to happen in the near future—25,000,000 to 30,000,000 gallons of benzole might be recovered per annum. Some carburetters will operate with benzole without alteration; others require more or less special adjustment. Its specific gravity is .880, against that of .720 of ordinary commercial petrol.

It is rumoured that the coming Dunlop detachable rim is simplicity itself, and that when we all see it we shall spend most

part of the following week kicking ourselves because we did not think of it long since, and all the trouble, and die millionaires. I hear that there is no necessity for a breast-drill form of nut-twister, as is the case with such detachables as the Moseley, etc. If my informant be correct, the rim may be plucked off and pressed on with "one little finger and a thumb." Let us hope that this may be true, and that our furious tyre struggles on the road are at an end once and for all.

On all hands the constructors of internal-explosion engines will agree that the one thing wanting to complete this class of motor is the perfect carburetter. When giving evidence before the Motor Commission, Mr. Govan, of Argyll Motors, Limited, was asked if he considered the internal-combustion engine

perfect. He replied in the negative, and added, "We think nothing perfect in this world except the ladies, and that is because we know so little about them." I do not find this in the report of the evidence, but I am assured that that pawkily humorous Scots engineer actually uttered it. Well, carburetters are in the same category, and why the Automobile Club has not long since held competitive tests of the autocar's boiler is difficult to explain. A while since it was thought that automatism in this device fulfilled all



SNOWED UP IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN! A MOTOR-CAR IN DIFFICULTIES IN THE FRIEDRICHSTRASSE.

To be snowed up while driving in the country is an experience known to many motorists; to be snowed up in one of the biggest streets of a great city is an experience vouchsafed to few. Yet it happened only the other day, and our photograph records the incident.

requirements, but analyses of exhausts with the best carburetters in operation have shown this idea to be very wide of the truth.

Although comparatively in the bud as motor-car builders, Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, of Manchester and London, have stood prominently out in all the competitions in which their cars have been entered. It will be remembered that they provided the second car to finish in the Tourist Trophy Race of 1905, and the winning car, consummately driven by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, in last year's race. As it appears imperative that everything that is best shall leave this country to the profit of other nations, the Tourist Trophy winner of 1906 was recently taken across the Big Drink and there sold to Captain C. E. Hutton, who entered her for several events on the programme of the famous Ormonde Daytona Beach Meeting. At this great motor-racing festival, the doughty little car—for she is very little over 20-h.p.—won the International Championship (twenty miles in 23 min. 12 sec.), with one turn round a post; a twelve-miles match against a 30-h.p. car of American make in 13 min. 12½ sec.; and ran a good second to a 70-h.p. Mercedes in an open hundred, doing 2 hr. 2 min. and 23 sec. with one stop for a choked carburetter. She also established a five-miles record for petrol cars of 60-h.p. and less, doing 4 min. 52 sec. British automobilists may well be proud of this all-British production.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

COMING EVENTS—LEGISLATION—TRAINERS TO FOLLOW.

DEAN SWIFT has been freely backed for the Lincoln Handicap, and he looks like being a genuine candidate.

He knows his way over the course, and will be ridden by Randall, who is one of our very best jockeys. The Dean is well in the City and Suburban, and the Epsom course suits him; but on paper he looks to have a better chance at Lincoln. The Carholme course may suit Picton, but he is held harmless by Sarcelle on the Newmarket running, and if the latter has come back to form, he must be dangerous. The Newmarket people fancy Minos, who is thrown in; but he has been under suspicion, and I must let him run again before recommending him for a race. I am told that Alec Taylor is very likely to go close with Lischana, who beat Var, Frida filly, Black Auster, Athleague, and High Art the last time she ran—in the Non-Stayers' Plate of one mile at Lingfield October. She ran a respectable second to Flair for the One Thousand Guineas. I heard that Lischana was tried in the autumn to be good enough for the Cambridgeshire, but for some reason did not run. There will be an active market presently over the Grand National, and we may expect several changes. I believe Timothy Titus is a genuine candidate, and his name has been included in the majority of the big double-event bets. Ivor Anthony has been released by Mr. Phillips to ride, which is a big tip in itself. Aunt May is almost certain to be placed once more if she stands up, and Otlands should beat more than beat him, as it is said he is to be ridden by H. Aylin, and it is probable that he will go the shortest way home this time. His Majesty has a genuine candidate in Flaxman, who has been given a great chance with 10 st. 2 lb. He can jump and go fast, and I, for one, should like to see him win, as his victory would do a deal of good to the sport under National Hunt rules. Further, a royal win with an Irish horse would be well received in the distressful country.

Persistent rumours to the effect that the Government intend bringing in a Bill to prevent tipsters' advertisements and betting records appearing in newspapers is all nonsense. The powers that

in my opinion, have to be doubled in size. One of the worst of the cheap rings is that at Goodwood, and I do think that the Duke of Richmond should see that the necessary accommodation is provided for the poorer people who patronise the ducal meeting. Why not give up the coach enclosure and allow the half-crown ring to run right down to the racecourse side? Very few coaches are seen at Goodwood nowadays. Further, iron roofing should be put under the trees for the protection of the patrons of the ring. Under present conditions, the poor people get soaked after a heavy storm. And out of this comes another important suggestion. Why could not iron roofing be used on the top of all race-stands, so that people may go on the outside in all weathers? This is an idea worthy the consideration of all clerks - of - courses. True, some old fogies would say that the heat in summer would be intense. Against that we have the question of the shade provided by the top covering, while it would certainly make the light much better for the watching of races through a pair of field-glasses. Now, my noble C.C.s, wake up!

The hard winter we have just gone through makes it difficult to gauge the condition of our thoroughbreds, but I am glad to hear that at the leading training centres a clean bill of health comes to give courage to our seekers after wealth. I am of the opinion that R. Marsh will have a good season. He has some useful two and three year olds, but he does not favour the big handicaps, and therefore he may not be dangerous much before the Epsom Summer Meeting. If my information is not at fault, His Majesty is very likely to win the Derby with Perambulator, while the royal colours are pretty certain to be to the fore in several of the two-year-old races at Ascot. Nulli Secundus may win flat races yet for his Majesty. Sam Darling has a fine stable of good horses owned by Captain Greer, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, and others. The majority of his charges should pay for following. Slieve Gallion has developed into a fine three-year-old, and is very likely to win the Guineas. Ramrod must be followed for every handicap he runs in, and the same may be said of Rocketter, one of the fastest six-furlong horses in training. Willie Waugh has a useful string at Kingsclere that should pay for following when ridden by a first-class jockey. Troutbeck is very well, and the dark three-year-old St. Martin is said to be very smart. According to the touts, Blackwell will win plenty of races this year, as he has some useful animals under his charge; and the same can be said of P. P. Gilpin, who has forgotten more about training than many of the flash division ever knew. W. E. Elsey, of Baumber, has no fewer than one hundred and ten horses of a sort under his charge. He can be trusted to place the majority of these to advantage.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



ARMOUR FOR HOUNDS: A STEEL-CLAD HUNTING DOG.

The armour here shown on a dog is to be seen in the royal collection at Madrid. For years it puzzled many experts. Some thought that it was used for surgical purposes—as splints, in fact. Then someone noticed that in a picture by Titian Charles V. was shown fondling an armour-clad greyhound, and at once the real use of the armour was revealed. The suit is damascened in gold.

Photograph by Hanser Y Menet.

be do not object to betting any more than they object to speculating on the Stock Exchange. What they do object to is betting taking place in the streets. Already the altered state of affairs is noticeable in the crowded state of the cheap rings at Metropolitan fixtures, and at meetings like Alexandra Park the cheap rings will,



A DRINKING-FOUNTAIN IN MEMORY OF A DOG: "GREYFRIARS BOBBY," EDINBURGH.

The fountain was erected by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, stands opposite Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, and is known locally as "Greyfriars Bobby." Its story is as follows:—Years ago, in 1858, a young man died and was buried in the kirkyard of Greyfriars. His dog, a little rough-haired Scotch terrier, followed the coffin to the grave, and thereafter, until its death fourteen years later, was a regular visitor to the churchyard. Not a day passed but Bobby made his appearance. Kind-hearted people supplied the faithful mourner with food and a home, and his presence at Greyfriars came to be regarded as a matter of course.

Photograph by George Thow

WOMAN'S WAYS. ❖

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Demonstration
of the
Crown Princess.

The young Crown Princess of Germany, it would seem, is not half-Russian for nothing. Her Imperial Highness has already taken her line. To celebrate the triumph of autocracy at the recent elections, she conceived the diplomatic idea of giving a fancy-dress ball, at which all the royal and imperial personages, as well as the guests, appeared in the costume of the eighteenth century. Cæsar himself wore proudly the dress and accoutrements of an ancestor of that period, though we are left in doubt as to whether the modern War-Lord actually impersonated Frederick the Great or some less militant relative. All the officers present donned the uniforms of their respective regiments of a hundred and fifty years ago. Durchlauchten and Altessen appeared in the wigs, gold lace, and brocade of that gay and autocratic society which flourished before the French Revolution. Coming on the heels of the Kaiser's triumph, it must have been a significant spectacle, and if by any flight of fancy we could imagine Herr Bebel being



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A SMART FRENCH HAT AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

(See "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

present, the great Teutonic Democrat would have been justified in pointing out to the royal revellers the writing on the wall. It is possible, of course, that this festivity was not a sign of atavism, but only a little private joke on the part of the daughter of the Grand Duchess Anastasie; but if so, the moment for the demonstration was curiously chosen.

Marie Bashkirtseff
at Julian's.

Julian—the famous Julian of the Paris ateliers—is dead, and many successful painters, especially among women-folk, will lament him. For it was M. Julian who invented the modern woman artist, throwing open his studios to girls as well as boys, and allowing them every whit as thorough and serious a training. A stout, genial Provençal, with a genius for organisation and an eye for talent, he was celebrated for getting his pupils recognised at the Salons, hung on the line, rewarded with medals and diplomas, and written about in the Press. I can never forget one of his pupils who used to come to the grubby studio in the Passage des Panoramas—a young, pretty, and rather pale Russian girl, with wonderful eyes and fascinating ways. She used to come in sables and in a gown made in the Rue de la Paix, but she would throw over her finery a linen blouse and toil all day with the rest of us, in a most insalubrious atmosphere, painting her *académie*. She had made a success at the Salon already, this girl, but she still came to study. After a while she appeared less often; and a year or so after, in London, I heard that she was dead. The pale girl with the haunting eyes and exquisite personality was Marie Bashkirtseff.

Mr. George Alex-
ander's Panacea.

A number of eminent persons are at present engaged in discussing the extraordinary topic, "Which has the better time in life—a man or a woman?" But does anybody have (or should they expect to have) a continuous "good time"? The thing is not only inane, but unthinkable. We see from a book like the "Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe" how puerile and unsatisfying is a life even of the highest endeavour and the highest rewards. And yet Mr. Sims is of opinion that a woman must infallibly be happy if she can try on new bonnets and go out to buy ribbons every day. Mr. George Alexander, on the contrary, holds that work is

the panacea for most evils, and the only recipe for happiness. It is true that the women of our middle-classes have not occupation enough, and probably half the cases of unhappy marriages and the like are due to the boundless leisure, the trivial occupations and amusements of a class which has a multitude of servants and a curious lack of serious interests.

Tea in the Park.

An optimist in the *Fortnightly* suggests that we might have tea in the Park, and if it were not for the invincible dislike of English people to being seen consuming edibles in the open air (or even in public) the thing, in effect, might be done—even at the foot of the Achilles statue. But I fear the prejudice of the Londoner would be hard to beat down. Who ever saw anyone but a provincial eat or drink anything in the stalls or boxes of a London theatre? Men smoke and drink in music-halls, it is true; but would anyone in evening-dress have the audacity to eat a ham sandwich even at the Empire or the Alhambra? These things are among the unwritten laws of good behaviour, and you do not even see ladies in the auditorium crunching sweetmeats like you do at every opera or playhouse abroad. Yet tea in summer time, and even little dinners, would be a great attraction in our parks. Multitudes of people betake themselves to wild West Kensington in the warm months simply because they can dine *al fresco* and



[Copyright.]

A SPRING TAILOR-MADE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

listen to a band. We might have all this at Stanhope Gate—music, kiosks, strings of coloured lights—if we only dared, and the magnates of Park Lane did not object. At present, our open spaces are dreary wastes at night, and, worse still, too often the unfailing resort and meeting-place of some of the most repellent specimens of town life.

THE WOMAN ABOUT-TOWN.

LENT makes little difference to dress nowadays. Time was when women wore purple on ordinary days and black on Ember days throughout the penitential season. Never is a great deal of colour seen in our streets at this time of year; there is, however, quite as much this week as there was last. Purple has always been a favourite hue here, and is constantly more or less in evidence. The vogue of moleskin-brown is also still going quite vigorously. It is usually becoming, and possesses a quiet distinction. Also it offers a harmonious setting for well-applied touches of bright hues. A dress of chiffon velvet in mole-brown was worn the other day at an afternoon party. There was a coat, falling loose from the shoulders, of moleskin, turned back in front and showing narrow revers faced with pastel-pink cloth, embroidered round the edges with mole-brown and pastel-pink silk. The hat to correspond, put on at smartest angle over charmingly arranged, burnished, bright fair hair, was mole-brown felt, and was trimmed with tulle of the same shade, and one long, thick, lovely ostrich-feather of exactly the same tone.

The Entente between ourselves and our French neighbours is one for which we women are thankful. An English tailor-made suit, a London-created picture-gown are no bad things. There be modistes, tailors, man milliners in our midst second to none, but we all of us admit that a French hat is headgear most devoutly to be desired. What it is, or why it is, who can say? But the fact proclaims itself. A smart French hat looks well—all that there is of the inexpressibly charming. One illustrated on the "Woman's Ways" page is an example of many to be seen at the Maison Lewis, in Regent Street, which has a branch establishment in Paris (a London house begins to be quite a vogue with French business folk!). The chapeau is of black lace; the brim is also of lace, bound round the edge with silk tulle and wired out. The soft crown of lace is lightly caught round with tulle, and the beautiful black ostrich-plumes spring from a rosette of moiré ribbon, in a rich, soft shade of electric-blue. There is a long veil of tulle falling from that round the crown, to be lightly worn encircling the neck. This gives a charming softness to the light, elegant, smart, and most becoming hat.

The cult of the ear is becoming one of importance to up-to-date women. I suppose operators who make it their business to give the requisite shell-pink transparency will be called auricurists. The reason this feature comes into such prominent notice just now is bridge. There is ample opportunity for observing and admiring a pretty ear at a bridge-table. It is one that I am told is not lost sight of by players of the masculine sex. The days when they wrote sonnets to eyebrows may be past; those when they appreciate "the convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell," imitated in the dainty form of a little pink ear with a pretty jewel on the lobe, are never like to pass. So it is that an ear of good shape and small size is a particularly prized possession in these days when playing bridge fills so many hours of the day and night. The philosophy of a plain woman that her looks don't matter if her hands, arms, neck, and ears are all right is very sound indeed—never more sound than to-day, when good looks come in a bad second to good style.

Writing of ears makes one think of teeth, by a sequence known to the immortal Will in his clean sweep "sans everything." In this connection it is of interest that Dr. Pierre, of dentifrice fame, to whom so many owners of teeth and gums owe gratitude for the good preservation of the same, has changed his address from Conduit Street to 203, Regent Street—one that will be found quite convenient to his vast number of clients.

THE LADIES BEHIND THE FANS.

Reading from left to right, the names of the actresses are: Miss Grace Lane, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Camille Clifford, Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Edna May, and Miss Billie Burke. In the centre of the photograph (wearing a hat) is Miss Pauline Chase.

THE LATE MR. VERNON BLACKBURN.

MUSICAL criticism and literary journalism lose a valued worker by the untimely death of Vernon Blackburn, who passed away at the end of last week, a victim to complications following influenza, and *The Sketch* mourns a clever and conscientious contributor. Mr. Blackburn was one of the brilliant little band of writers who gathered inspiration from the late W. E. Henley—indeed, it was the editor of the *National Observer* who first turned his serious attention to musical criticism after reading a paper on an aspect of modern music sent in as a chance contribution. Some time after this, Mr. Blackburn was appointed to the post of musical critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He served the *Illustrated London News* and the *Observer* for a time, and has represented *The Sketch* since a page was set aside for music. Vernon Blackburn was admirably equipped for his task. He had a very sincere devotion to what is best in music; his tastes were remarkable for catholicity. He loved Bach and Mozart, and he sought to understand Strauss and enlarge the circle of Elgar's admirers. He was well read, a master of the theory of music, and a man who could not have penned slipshod English even if he had tried. Some years ago he published a little volume of essays on musical subjects, entitled "The Fringe of an Art." The book is now out of print, but the fortunate possessors of a copy will prize it as a lasting memorial of a charming and accomplished man, who could be just without unkindness, who never harboured resentment, never lacked enthusiasm, and struggled manfully with the double burden of hard work and failing health.



MR. EDWARD LLOYD ASSISTS AT AN INTERESTING GRAMOPHONE CEREMONY: THE FAMOUS TENOR CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE GRAMOPHONE AND TYPEWRITER, LIMITED'S, NEW WORKS.

A few days ago a very interesting ceremony was performed at Hayes, Middlesex, on the Great Western Railway, when the directors of the Gramophone and Typewriter, Limited, accompanied by Mr. Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the new works that are to be erected immediately, to cope with the enormous increase of business that the Gramophone and Typewriter, Limited, has created of recent years. The party included Mr. Trevor Williams, the chairman of the company; Mr. De la Rue, one of the directors; and many others. The works will cover eleven acres of ground.

and other well-known philanthropists, who recognise with gratitude the excellent service which Mr. Kirk has rendered during the past forty years to the children of the poor. The presentation is to be of money, and subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Sec. of the Testimonial Fund, Mr. W. J. Orsman, J.P., 10, Museum Mansions, London, W.C. Cheques should be crossed "Barclay and Co."

It will be remembered that in our issue of Oct. 24 last year we gave a picture of Ulm, with the following title—"Ulm: A Town that Lives on Dead Dogs." A German Blue-book recently published reports a great increase in the number of dogs killed for food. At Ulm no fewer than 1876 dogs were slaughtered for human food during the three months ending April 30 this year." We have received the following communication from Mr. Richard Koelle, a native of Ulm—

DEAR SIR,—With regard to your article in *The Sketch* dated Oct. 24, 1906, on "Ulm, a town that lives on dead dogs," etc., I beg to inform you that, being a native of Ulm, you will understand that I feel anything but flattered by this unwarranted accusation.

Although knowing the statement in your paper to be absolutely unfounded, I nevertheless considered it my duty to make further inquiries, in answer to which I have received from the Oberbürgermeister of Ulm the following—

"I thank you for your communication of the report published in England as to the dog-flesh consumption at Ulm, and would thank you if you were to contradict the article. It can be proved that at Ulm neither dog nor horse flesh is consumed as human food. I further wish to state that nothing is known to me of the existence of the German Bluebook referred to."

On the strength of this official statement from the Oberbürgermeister of Ulm, you will readily admit that an erroneous and most damaging report to the town of Ulm has been circulated in your paper.

In common fairness I trust you will see your way to insert this letter in your next issue, thereby acknowledging that a serious mistake has been made.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
RICHARD KOELLE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.

AMERICAN QUICK-STEPS.

THE fact that Unions and Southern Pacifics have come to the front again in a dramatic manner is due to the dividend declarations. We fail to see anything disappointing in the 5 per cent. of the Southern Pacific, although the market professed to be going for one per cent. more. Provided that the rate can be maintained, the shares are not by any means dear, especially in comparison with Atchisons, which get the same dividend, stand ten dollars higher, and are overhung by an enormous new issue shortly to be made. There is, however, an unusual amount of virtue in the proviso mentioned, and since both Unions and Southern Pacifics are dealt with by a clique noted for anything but scrupulous ideas of honesty, the operator must trust to chance leading him to deal on the same side of the account as the insiders; else his prospects of money-making are smallish. Missouris have been so often recommended here that their sharp jump will, we hope, be particularly appreciated by readers of these Notes; and, maybe, no harm would be done by taking the handsome profits which have accrued. On the whole, the Yankee Market looks good enough to last; but it is still very much at the mercy of the Wall Street manipulators, the American public's active interest continuing quite retail.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Until there is more probability of an early fall in the Bank Rate, it seems pretty hopeless to expect any recovery in Consols. The highly monotonous manner in which the price hangs around 87 makes the jobbers chafe with impatience. They heap irony upon the paradox that business refuses to improve because the price remains unchanged, while the price continues stationary from the lack of business to make it move. The wisdom of the step which reduced the interest upon Consols to its present rate of 2½ per cent. receives quiet criticism: were anything to happen necessitating fresh borrowing by this country, what should we have to pay for the money? Could a large 3 per cent. loan be relied upon to fetch more than par?

Happily, there is no imminence in such queries. All the indications point in the opposite direction, and the death epidemic amongst millionaires may be stayed without seriously inconveniencing the surplus that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to deal with next April. The income-tax—standing at the war-level of a shilling in the pound five years after the struggle which raised it to the present height—should certainly come down, and unless Mr. Asquith has some scheme or other for endowing unmarried Suffragettes with large enough dowries to keep them quiet, the Budget should be of material assistance to the Consol Market. For rather a long shot, Consols are worth buying, only the purchaser must be prepared to exercise patience. Nor, if he lose, need he write drivel to the newspapers about the result of "lending money to his country," as though to buy Consols were a patriotic, sweet, and decorous thing to do for the sake of one's own land. He were better employed competing with office-boys and drapery assistants in the discussion of the proper age to be born, or whether it is better to be a woman than a lady. The "Mother of Six," the "Old Stager," the "Once Bitten Twice Shy"—do we not know them even better than the fairy-tales of our youth!

A very curious thing is the difficulty one finds in dealing nowadays in some of what used to be the South African favourites. Take a case like Heriots, for example. There used to be a free market in anything up to five hundred shares, while to-day it is impossible to get a reasonably close price even in fifty. The Company—it is representative of quite a large number of others—pays respectable dividends, but people don't want Kaffirs; won't have them. What buyers there are come from Paris and other parts of the Continent. Sometimes the Cape wants them, but it is a matter of chance whether there happens to be a buyer at the moment you want to sell, and if there is not, the shares must either be sacrificed at an absurd price, or else the holder must wait until demand springs up. The complete dryness of the Kaffir outcrop market is a recent development as astonishing as it is unpleasant, and, in face of it, the attractions of the shares are rendered so much the less alluring.

By the way, we brokers have a bone to pick with the financial newspapers and with some of the quotations they print in their daily lists. The majority of prices are correct enough, but there are others which give a wrong idea of the market from being too narrow. We complain that the Official List quotations are too wide, but we also grumble when the other extreme is reached. A client sees one of these close prices and expects us to deal at something still narrower, whereas the actual fact is that the dealing price is wider than that given by the newspaper, in whose figures, being printed, the client naturally places more trust than in those (written or typed) of his stockbroker.

One of these days Brighton "A" will be worth picking up. The year has started lamentably as regards the traffics, and the market, when this is being written, looks as though it might put the price under par. If that undignified level should be reached, Berthas will be cheap. As it is, the stock pays very nearly 5 per cent. on the money, the highest yield obtainable upon a Railway stock with such a record. It only needs some slight turn in the traffics to drive Berthas up again. At about par, then.

Speaking of Home Railway yields, Central London Deferred, which was ex-dividend last pay-day, can be bought to return £6 15s. per cent. on the money, on the basis of the 4 per cent. dividend paid this month. Supposing the distribution fell to 3 per cent., there would still be £5 per cent. interest on the money at 60. Some sort of reduction looks likely enough to take place, but at the price named, Twopenny Tube Deferred cannot be called dear as a speculative investment.

Mexican Rails we have, of course, been keen upon for years past in *The Sketch*. Well, after this remarkable rise, don't you agree that the Ordinary, at all events, stands quite high enough for the time being? Firsts, I should say, will go to 150, because they are well worth it; Seconds to par, because they are prospectively worth it; but Mexican Ordinary at 55 does not appeal much to my imagination.

Interoceanic of Mexico Preference are going better, though. I think holders would be ill-advised to sell now, because they are likely to get a pound a share more by waiting.

The same thing applies to Zafra and Huelva bonds. These popular lock-ups have risen rather smartly of late, but that there is another pound or thirty shillings in them better authorities than the writer are confident. So 's the writer.

One of our Managers is a dear old gentleman, very wealthy, and more than a trifle "near." When he went shooting last autumn, the story goes, he left out wine sufficient, as he considered, to last his household for the month. To last, if used with care and diplomacy. At the end of the first week of his absence all the wine had gone, and the question arose at home as to the best means of getting the key to the wine-cellar. After much deliberation, the plotters sent this wire to

the venerable sportsman: "Cat locked in wine-cellar." A reply came, though not the expected key. And this was the answering telegram: "Cut small hole in door and let cat out." So, I repeat, the story goes.

Cargo Fleet shares have dwindled from 19s. 6d. to 15s. 6d., ex 1s. dividend, during the past few weeks. One pities the unfortunate people who hold the shares on marginal investment, and one would advise them to cut the loss upon any small improvement in the price. Maybe, the shares will be hoisted again, some time or other, but such problematical recovery is not certain enough to encourage keeping the shares.

Rememb'rest a small boy-baby I told thee of some twelve months back? He's grown since then—can talk: can rule a slavish household with his giant fist. I went upstairs just now to look, and he tossed in his cot and murmured, as though he knew who stood beside his bed: "Don't—get—up—Dad—dee." You will excuse me further? A thousand thanks. And may you sleep happily—as happily as he of whom the perfectly indifferent father is

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

So many of our readers are interested in this great mutual Insurance Society that we feel no excuse is needed for referring to the report for the year ending Nov. 20 last, just issued. New business, consisting of 1671 policies, insuring £631,195, has been carried through, and death claims amounting to £334,615 have been paid. The mortality experienced has been only 82 per cent. of that expected, according to the tables upon which the liabilities of the Society are calculated—an eloquent tribute to the conservative lines upon which the Society is run, and the advantages conferred upon humanity by modern medicine and surgery.

The accumulated funds have risen in the year from £6,259,904 to £6,428,820, while for the huge business done, the expenses, amounting to £31,764, appear moderate. The position of the Society seems in every way satisfactory, and policy-holders may look forward to the future with every confidence.

Saturday, February 16, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

POPPE.—The concerns you name have been puffed by certain outside brokers who probably have a call of shares. They would not suit us. We know nothing of the Transatlantic concern. Are you sure you have given the right name? Why not buy some Nitrate shares—say, Barrenea or San Patricio—or Commonwealth Oil Deferred as speculative investments?

SWANAGE.—Both Ivanhoe and Kalgurli shares are mining investments of a good class. We prefer the second. The Gympie Mine is, we think, more speculative, as the field is patchy, but the mine is a good one.

NOVICE.—It is impossible in the space at our disposal to explain the complicated arrangements of the Greek Debt. Only part of the coupons is actually paid, and the stocks at present yield from 3¼ to 4½ per cent. The price of the various loans differs, because the amounts paid are different. The Rentes got paid at the rate of 1.28 per cent. and 2.08 per cent. in the last two half-years, and the Monopoly at the rate of 1.72 per cent. and 2.36 per cent.

ENGINEER.—The Company is alive. There are £1,500,000 4½ per cent. Debentures, £460,000 A Debentures, and £528,000 B Debentures before the shares. The profits are steadily improving, and were £103,000 in 1903, £167,000 in 1904, and £190,000 in 1905. Reserve fund, £150,000. Write to the secretary, 96, Leadenhall Street, for further information.

H. H. R.—There is no market and no price in London. Certainly get rid of them if you can.

CARLOS.—We still hear well of the Company and its prospects, but have no recent information. The chairman is not popular, but he is clever—probably too clever to be popular.

V. C. D.—The price of the Rhodesian shares is 5—11.

OTHELLO.—(1) There is no reason that we know of to sell Lancefields. (2) Yes, it is a good property. (3) We cannot tell you as to the reserves, etc., but our Broken Hill correspondent thinks well of the property. (4) Speculative, but not bad. (5) Both bonds are reasonable speculative investments. As to redemption, we have not the date and price; but as both are well below par, it does not matter much.

SOLDIER.—Esperanza.

NOVICE (Dumbarton).—Your shares have a reasonable chance of appreciation in value, but the Kaffirs depend on what happens in the Transvaal, of course. (8) We do not advise dealing. (9) Probably the *Statist* would suit you.

BOBO.—Letters are only answered privately in accordance with Rule 5. The banker's receipt is as good as the certificate, but you could probably make them issue the latter if you went to law. There is no reason why the Company should return your £10. If you want to sell, you must find a buyer. The secretary might be able to help you to do this. The bonds offered by the Syndicate are all right, but they charge 25 per cent. too much for them. If you employed a broker on the Stock Exchange to buy you would save this.

BRIGHTON.—The Deferred shares are the best, because they take the profits after the Preference dividends are paid.

S. S. S. (Whitehaven).—(1) Very likely. (2 and 3) We have little faith in them.

F. I.—The London office is at 65, London Wall, E.C. We do not think there is much price here.

H. C.—We should hold the Railway Deferred, as traffics are good and trade flourishing, but sell on any substantial improvement. As to the Breweries, there would be reason to expect improvement, but everybody is afraid of the coming Temperance legislation, which may be ruinous. You must decide whether you will chance it or not.

INCOGNITO.—Our opinion is most unfavourable.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick some of the following may run well: County Hurdle, Bonnie Earl; Warwick Steeplechase, Extra Hack; Barford Steeplechase, The Sheikh; Debdale Flat Race, Abelard; Leamington Steeplechase, Leamington. There should be good sport at Dewbury. The following may go close: Spring Hurdle, Cinders; Weyhill Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Heddington Steeplechase, Key West; Alfreton Hurdle, Magic Lad; Wantage Hurdle, Shaun Dhuv; Newbury Steeplechase, Rubio; United Hunts Cup, Harts-horn II. At Haydock I fancy the following: February Hurdle, Wild Aster; Club Hurdle, Be Very Wise; Great Central Steeplechase, Eremon.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Her Highness's Secretary.*" By Carlton Dawe. (Nash.)—"Privy Seal." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers.)—"The Bachelors." By Charles Eddy. (Cassell.)—"The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (John Murray.)

MR. LEWIS WALLER should read "*Her Highness's Secretary*" without delay, and, having read, should command a stage version of it. Seldom was hero better suited to Mr. Waller than Jeffrey Clangate; never was actor better suited to Jeffrey Clangate than Mr. Waller. Between them they would break the hearts of the women of England. See Clangate set to watch the beautiful Princess Irma lest she marry the son of the hated Carl of Brelitz; see the diplomacy of romance in being, mark how the Princess's contempt for the spy fades under her love for the man. Then think of Mr. Waller in the part, youthful, hot-blooded, fascinated by the woman he has to guard, duelling with his haughty rival in the boudoir of the fair Anna von Gleschen, seeking the kidnapped Princess imprisoned in the castle-fortress of Brelitz, entering the stronghold in disguise, trapping the unscrupulous lover, flying through the forest with his Queen, dashing to safety with her on a railway-engine. Imagine him, too, describing that ride, in the manner he described the dash for the diamond necklace in "*The Musketeers*"—

On, on we flew, snorting and groaning, past hamlets still asleep, over bridges, through drowsy stations. Everywhere the signals stood in our favour. Carl had prepared his confederates for this day, and everything was in order. The sun came up glowing with the prospect of a bright, new day, and we raced its beams to the west. . . . Just then our pursuers blew more peremptory blasts on their whistle. In a manner, I had forgotten them and the dire peril of our situation. Nothing much seemed to matter while I held this precious woman in my arms. I was in a dream—a confused, a chaotic dream undoubtedly, yet one through which the amazing truth beat loudly, clearly, that she loved me. Loved me—the spy, the despised, the outcast! Life held no peril, nor had death a terror, in the face of that glorious truth.

All that would call for alteration is the end. It would not do for Mr. Waller to be forced to England by the Princess's Chancellor in order that he might read in the London papers the accounts of the coronation at Stralburg of the Grand Duchess Irma, and a hint of an alliance with the Prince of Brandenburg. Otherwise, nothing could be better. Mr. Carlton Dawe should set about an adaptation.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer also takes diplomacy as his text, and in his diplomacy, too, love looms large. Yet there is a vast

difference between his work and that of Mr. Dawe. One is claret, the other, burgundy—and Mr. Dawe's is the richer vintage. "*Privy Seal*" is that Cromwell who would not fling away ambition, and so fell to the axe; and it is of his plottings, of his swearings and counter-swearings, as of those of many others, that Mr. Hueffer writes. He is a figure who should serve an author well. In this instance he does not do so. Perhaps it is that his actions are more often those of the mind than those of the body. His intrigues, though they involve "Kat" Howard and his King, scarce hold the reader as they might. Possibly Mr. Hueffer's method of narration has something to do with the failure. Undoubtedly, it is tortuous.

When a delightful bachelor girl takes a flat in a set of flats for susceptible bachelor men, developments may be hourly expected, as the news agencies have it when erratic Circumstance compels them to doff the prophet's mantle. Mr. Eddy would be the first to agree with this. "*The Bachelors*" proves his view of the matter. It is a question of minutes rather than hours before Dora Bingham and Robin Fordyce are interested in one another, and it is obvious that they would have married—even without Muriel, with her love for the scheming Major Trolley, as *dea ex machina*. The theme is one that Mr. Eddy knows well how to handle, and it results in an excellently schemed domestic comedy—not a great work, but undoubtedly one that pleases.

"*The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square*" cries aloud for the use of those very-feminine adjectives "charming" and "delightful." There is no covert sneer in the choice of the words; they are those that are most applicable. The Lonely Lady is charming in her very loneliness, her little rusticities, her sublime faith in her brother, her love for the lame Duke of Monaghan; the young Duke himself is no less delightful. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture brings to her work the delicacy of sentiment, the knowledge of character, the sureness of touch that distinguished "Peter's Mother." Than that no greater compliment could be paid. Some will avow, assuredly, that the author's spectacles are of an unduly rosy hue, with too many of the characteristics of those of Benjamin Goldfinch, too few of the qualities of those of the man fra' Sheffield. Their avowals mean nothing. At heart, if they have heart at all, they will rejoice in the colour, wishing that it had greater vogue. Some of Mrs. de la Pasture's characters are, perhaps, idealised, yet it is pleasant to think that they have their prototypes. They move, moreover, in no artificial scene. Their surroundings are as human as they are themselves. The house in Grosvenor Square lives as surely as does the Lonely Lady who comes to dwell in it.

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